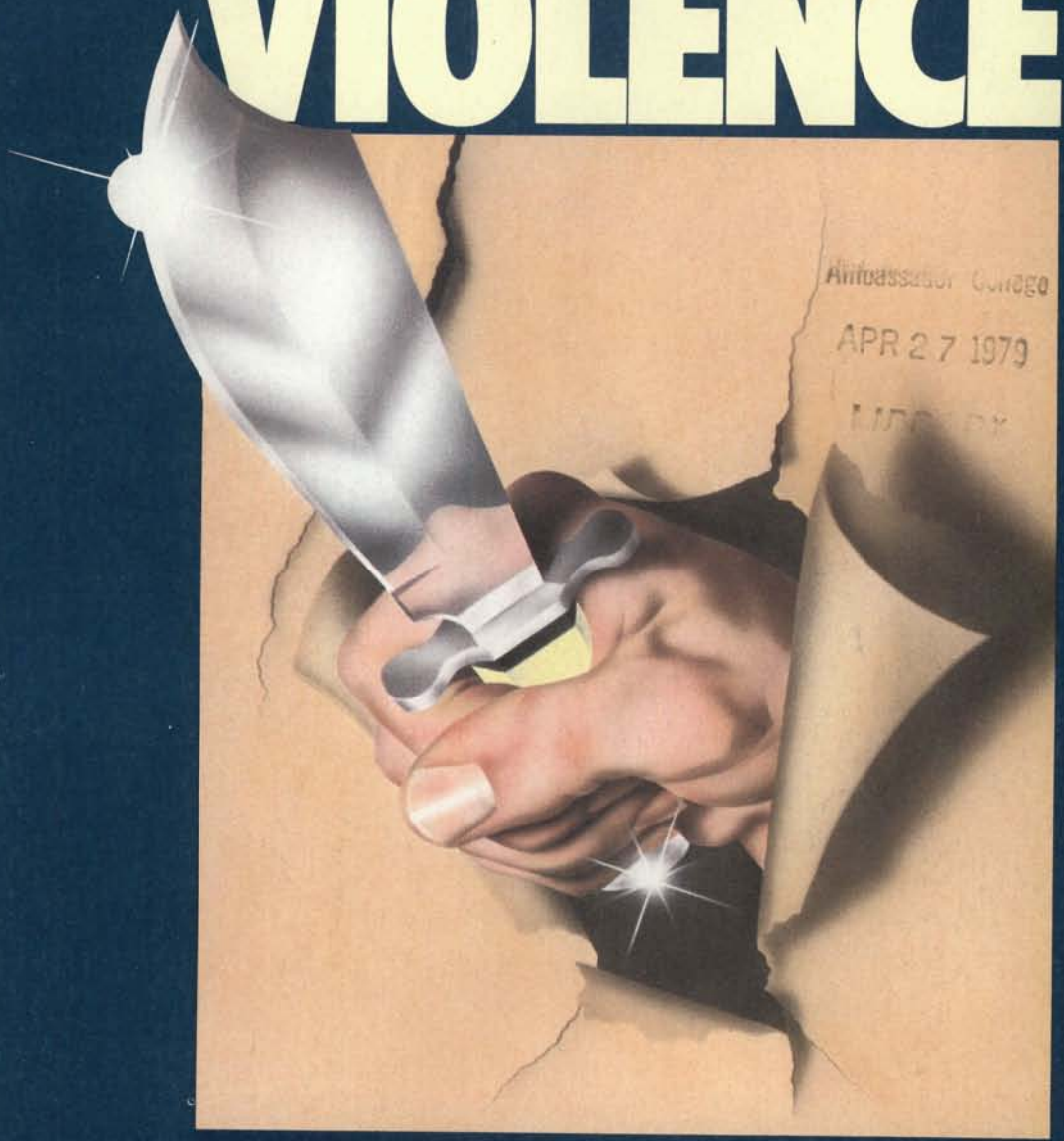
MAY 12, 1979 ONE DOLLAR

02830

Saturday Review

The Future of Color Photography

THE ORIGINS OF VIOLENCE



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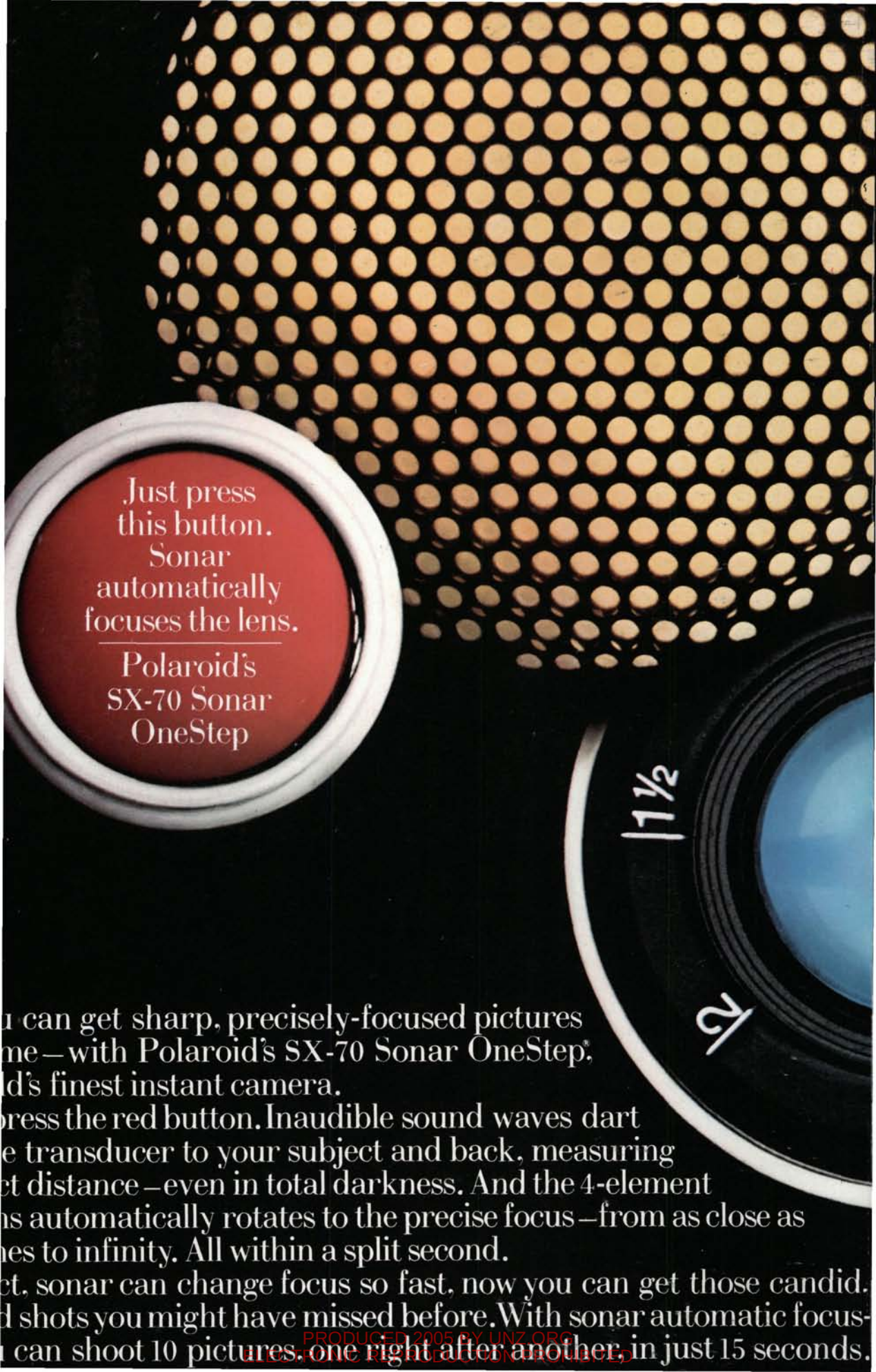

u can get sharp, precisely-focused pictures
me—with Polaroid's SX-70 Sonar OneStep.
ld's finest instant camera.
ress the red button. Inaudible sound waves dart
e transducer to your subject and back, measuring
ct distance—even in total darkness. And the 4-element
ns automatically rotates to the precise focus—from as close as
nes to infinity. All within a split second.
ct, sonar can change focus so fast, now you can get those candid.
d shots you might have missed before. With sonar automatic focus-
u can shoot 10 pictures, one right after another, in just 15 seconds.

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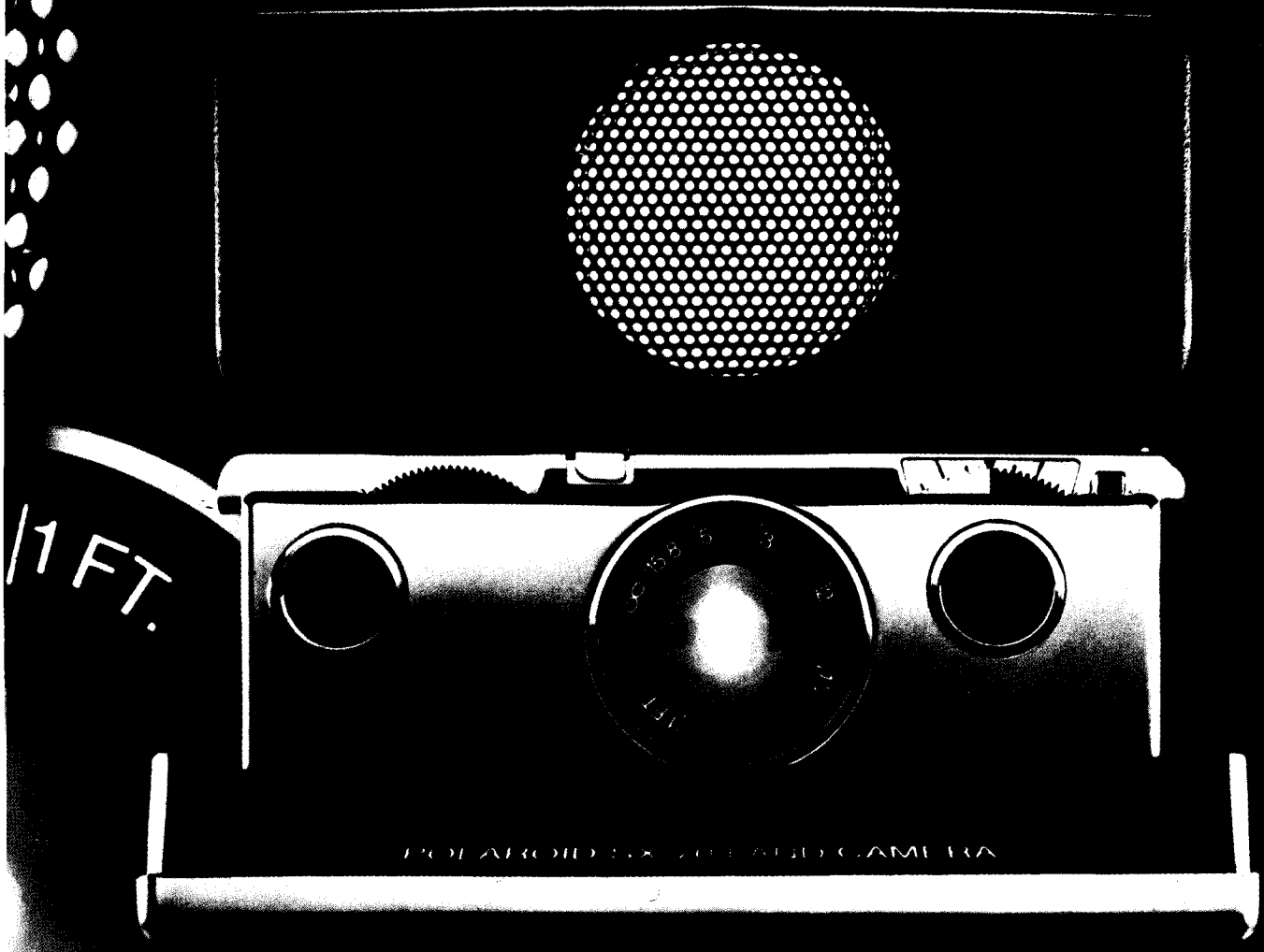

$1 8/5!!

The SX-70 Sonar OneStep controls all exposures automatically, too. It offers a unique combination of variable apertures (f/8 to f/74) and shutter speeds (1/125 to 14 seconds)—all computed at the touch of one button. You can take automatic time exposures up to 14 seconds. And flash pictures up to 20 feet. The built-in motor even hands you the developing picture—one-and-a-half seconds after you press the button.

There are two Polaroid Sonar Land cameras: the folding single-lens reflex SX-70 Sonar, described here, and the less-expensive Pronto Sonar, at $99.95. No other cameras make precision photography so simple.

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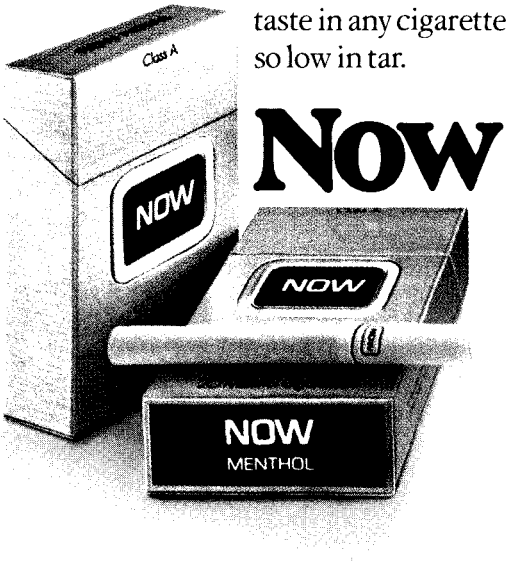

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Only 2 mg tar. Significantly lower than 98% of all cigarettes sold.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Saturday Review

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LETTERS

A Sense of Shame

Of all that I have read on the subject of Taiwan, Carll Tucker's "Tergiversation" essay [The Back Door, March 3] is the first that treats it frankly, with no shilly-shallying.

In the Fifties, I spent two stretches of several months each with a U.S. educational team in southern Taiwan and became very fond of its people and aware of their love for and trust in the United States. Therefore, I was appalled to hear Carter's blithe broadcast renouncing them, and I suffered a second shock upon learning that they had not even been notified in advance of the action. Carll Tucker is the first to stress that because China wanted this new relationship more than we did, it could have been talked into a more definite stand favorable to Taiwan.

Dr. Louise E. Rorabacher
Sun City Center, Florida

Carll Tucker's "Tergiversation" has extraordinary significance. His was not the only heart that sank when President Carter recognized Red China and repudiated our obligations to Taiwan. Generally, the media accepted it as just another move on the diplomatic chessboard. So what? There was very little protest. But there are many of us who do feel ashamed that our country has broken its word and proved untrustworthy. Having exposed our dishonesty and unreliability on a grand scale for all the world to reckon with, what can we do now? Most of us can't do anything except let it be known that we recognize and deplore this duplicity and that we seek to make amends and to take steps to restore our honor.

Cortland I. Waite
Perrysburg, New York

I was delighted to read Carll Tucker's commentary on Taiwan. Where is the call for a plebiscite on the issue of independence versus almost certain mainland absorption? Where is the distinction between indigenous Taiwanese people and first-, second-, and now third-generation Kuomintang Chinese refugees who have ruled the island for 30 years? Unless we can educate the people of the United States very quickly we are going to do something worse than Vietnam. We are going to give away the freedom of an innocent, unoffending, cultured, and talented people.

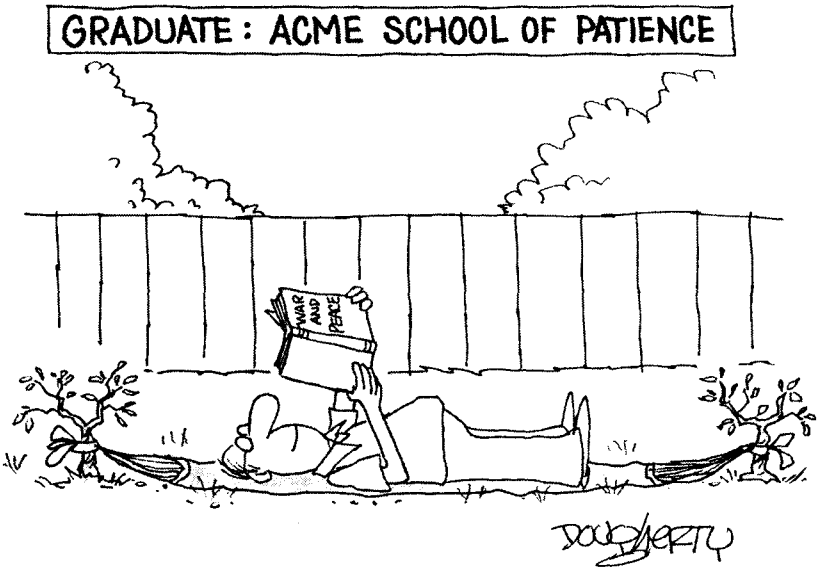
Tergiversation is too gentle a term. It is an execration.

Keith R. St. Onge
Southern Illinois University
Edwardsville, Illinois

Carll Tucker's remarks on Taiwan appall me. His fear that the shift in our China policy will make cynics of our children seems misplaced. He apparently bought at face value the dream that "grade-school history teachers drum into impressionable minds" and never read any history thereafter. For examples of the U.S. standing staunchly by its agreements I would cite the following: all treaties made with Native Americans; enfranchisement of freed slaves after the Civil War; free national elections in Vietnam after the fall of the French; permanent disarmament of Germany (after World Wars I and II) and of Japan. We have abrogated all these agreements at our convenience. As a people, and as a government, we tend to wave the flag of purity in public and act on expediency in private.

Those of us who love this country and want it to survive had *better* be cynical and act on our insights as forcefully as possible to avert disaster.

Elizabeth G. Lehmann
Keene Valley, New York



Does the Punishment Fit the Crime?

Professor Ernest van den Haag's book review, "Punishing Victims" [March 17], is a typical example of the rhetoric of the vultures of academe who bend with the winds of public opinion and support whatever vision of society is currently in vogue. A few years ago they were writing essays on the need for prison "reform" and the "rehabilitation" of criminals, while today they expound the popular philosophy of "chop their hands off."

Surprisingly, I agree with the professor; harsher punishment may indeed reduce crime—a little. However, punishment can only be effective if it is the product of a system of justice that is equal, swift, and fair. If you punish a criminal "harshly" (no matter how richly he may deserve punishment) and at the same time provide him with daily examples of corrupt public officials and wealthy, influential citizens who get away scot-free for equal or worse crimes, then society has not "taught" that crook anything at all and the "harsh" punishment will in the end cause society more grief than good.

D.J. Jennings
Folsom State Prison
Represa, California

The Long-playing Fifties

There is some fuzziness in Owen Edwards's essay, "Electronic Evenings" [March 3]. It was not "demotic and democratic modern times" that "diminished the options of in-home entertainment," but rather the post-war economics and cultural trends which had not yet quite caught up with the tremendous technological innovations about to be un-

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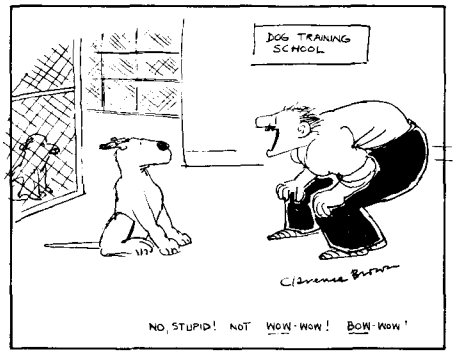
leashed. Mr. Edwards's point about the diminishing of choices is valid only for a rather short period in the late Forties. By the early Fifties the long-playing record was well established, soon after to become a major factor in the recording industry. It also served as the basic item of "software" that spurred the whole hi-fi movement. By the mid-Fifties this movement was well under way, encompassing—in addition to discs—FM radio and tapes, the last format also boasting the first commercially available stereophonic sound. By then, television, too, had evolved far beyond the Uncle Miltie image.

Norman Eisenberg
Stockbridge, Massachusetts

Der Hund Wows His Trainer



Just as not all people speak the same language, neither do all animals. The dog in Clarence Brown's cartoon [March 17, see above] must be a German dog—for German dogs always say "Wow-wow."

The trainer should have studied a foreign language!

Arnold J. Hartoch
University of Illinois
Chicago, Illinois

China Compliments

I would like to thank *SR* for Horace Sutton's excellent article "China: Rushing to Join the World" [March 17]. His brief summary of the history of Sino-Soviet relations explains why Teng verbally attacked the Soviet Union during his visit to the United States and why the Chinese invaded Vietnam. I followed television coverage of these events and am dismayed that a clear presentation of China's motives was neglected. An understanding of the Chinese point of view does not make the position of the United States any less difficult, but it does make international politics less puzzling.

Nadine F. Stafford
Bloomington, Indiana

Horace Sutton's "China: Rushing to Join the World" is a masterpiece. It was timely, well written, and a real inspiration.

Don Jennings
Warren, Indiana

PUZZLES

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 130

[WEBXUR] E WVUB VY DQEWW AJRURXC FRJVQ-KRUW KV DRCRUEQQT KXWZVHRU RHRUTFVKT'W YEZR FLB BJRXU VAC.

—WAXYB

Wit Twister No. 142

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

No ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ man e'er shunned the light of day;
He___ ___ ___ ___ ___ guards to keep the world away.
Yet as his___ ___ ___ ___ ___ he designates the poor
Throughout the___ ___ ___ ___ ___, who think him mean and dour.

A.S.

Answers next issue

APRIL 28 ANSWERS

Wit Twister No. 141

magnate, magenta, gateman

Literary Crypt No. 129

The way it is now, the asylums can hold the sane people, but if we tried to shut up the insane we should run out of building materials.

—Mark Twain

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 170

BABETTE ROSMOND: MONARCH

We've got to find ... a good way of describing the person somebody is living with. Lover is too romantic, fiance is pretentious and untrue, roommate doesn't tell enough. We've got to face the fact that we need a word for a new life-style.

How to buy value in art.

"Greasborough Dusk," an original lithograph by George Guest. At $130 it typifies the very remarkable value that Christie's Print Collection offers in original etchings, lithographs, linocuts, etc. Attractive landscapes and figurative works by rising young artists from around $100 to $150. And of course the works of such masters as Chagall, Miro, Moore.

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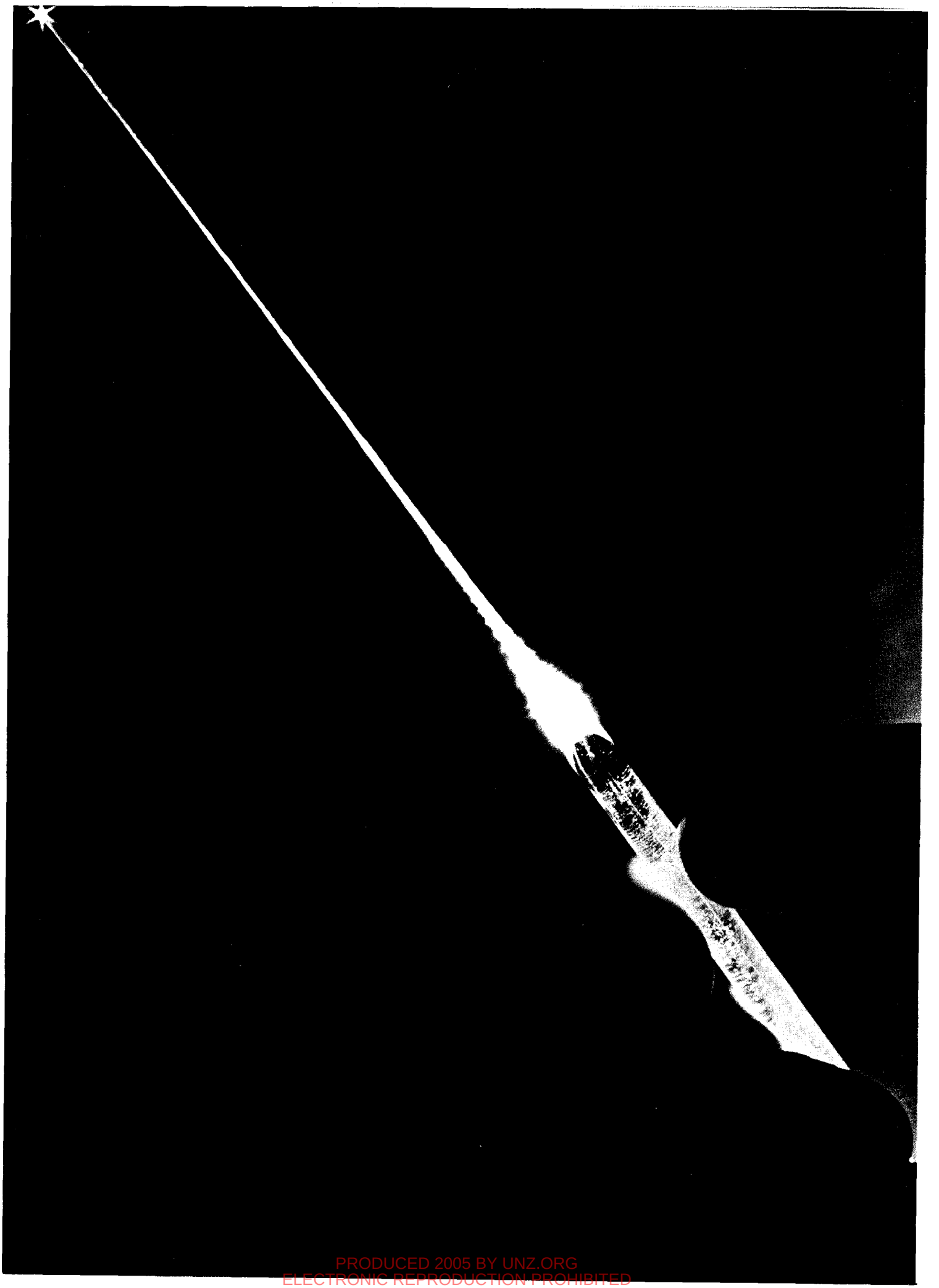

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Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

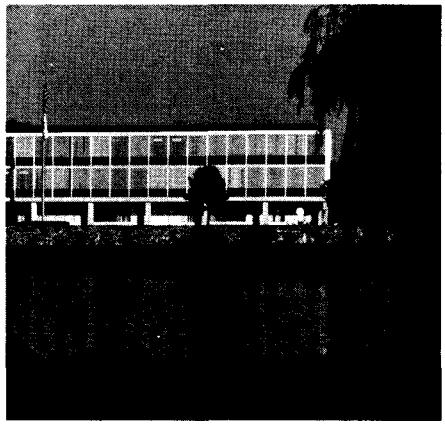
But standard lightwave systems will require *miles* of the fiber, produced at low cost and to specifications nothing short of microscopic.

That's where Western Electric's Engineering Research Center comes in.

A Unique Center

The Center is devoted exclusively to manufacturing research.

Here, a highly trained team of scientists and engineers probe fundamental questions about materials and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.



For example, while Bell Labs scientists were inventing new glass fibers, Western Electric engineers and scientists were tackling the manufacturing problems involved.

The fibers had to be drawn from molten glass at high speeds, with less than a 1% deviation in diameter.

But how do you control a "thread" of glass being spun at rates up to 15 feet per second?

Scientists and engineers at the Center discovered that laser light beamed onto the fiber cast a characteristic pattern. By correlating the pattern to the fiber's diameter, they were able to build a monitoring system into the fiber drawing machinery. It measures the fiber 1000 times per second, automatically adjusting production to keep the diameter constant.

The system works so well that in all the miles of fiber produced by Western Electric, the diameter varies by no more than 30-millionths of an inch.

The Key to the Future

In the Bell System, technology is the key to keeping costs down. It is the key to constantly improving your phone service.

And Western Electric's Engineering Research Center is an essential link between the ideas of the laboratory and the realities of the factory.

So your Bell Telephone Company can make the best one-of-a-kind inventions a part of your phone service.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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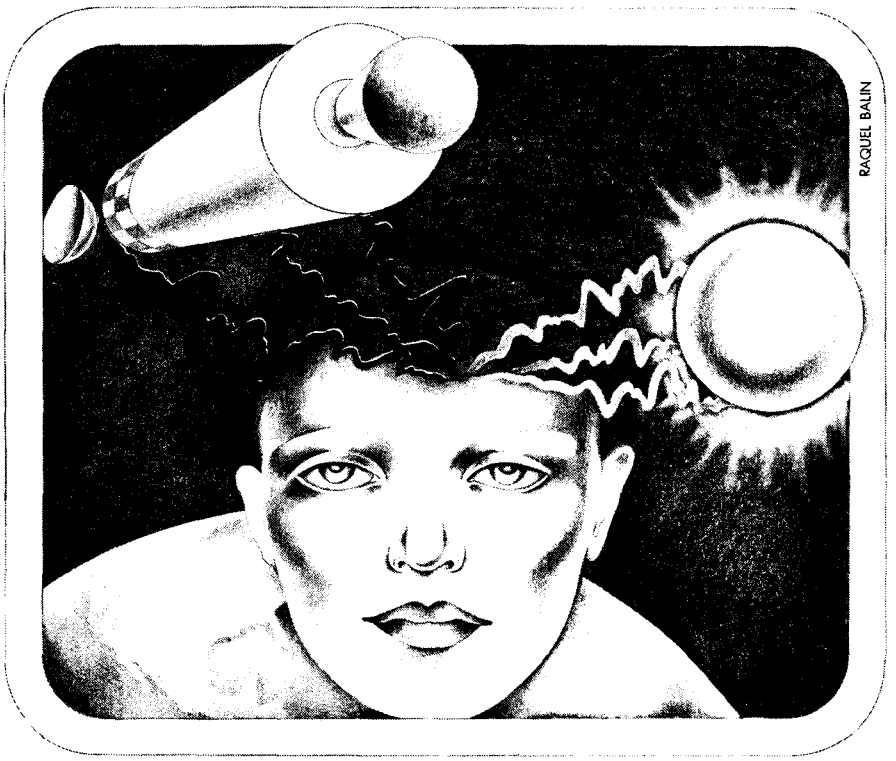

Mind Over Metal

Connoisseurs of the modern idea that anything can be accomplished by an act of will—wiping out world hunger, conquering violent instincts, getting over your cold—will derive a particular thrill from an advertisement that appeared in Washington's *D.C. Gazette*. It began, " We are organizing a large-scale experiment in psychokinesis with the aim of boosting space station Skylab into a higher orbit around the earth."

Orthodox scientists have all but given up any attempts to rescue Skylab from its declining orbit; an earthward plunge is expected to take place. However the Institute for Psycho Energetic Studies, which has other sources of motion at its disposal, plans on raising Skylab into an orbit 80 miles higher than its present one by sheer force of mind. The institute is hoping to persuade one million people to spend five minutes, starting at noon on the summer solstice, June 21, concentrating on what they call "Skylift."

The institute's assistant director, Chris Kilham, admits that so far psychokinesis hasn't moved anything much beyond household objects, and that lifting an 83-ton object 200 miles distant seems unlikely. But he expects a million minds to produce "an incredibly intense amount of energy." The choice of the longest day of the year is expected to create the maximal effect, since "people basically run on solar energy," and "the more fuel, the more energy we have personally."

Since nothing, especially a miracle, is complete these days without media hype,the whole affair will be promoted by WFTL-radio in Fort Lauderdale, a station widely known in the trade as promotion experts. The station is arranging a nationwide radio hookup, with former astronauts, NASA officials, and psychics on hand to provide play-by-play coverage.

Capital Idea

You are the managing director of W.R. Grace & Co. You have the opportunity to buy, let's say, Aetna Life Insurance, but to do so would stretch your resources dangerously thin. What to do? You run a hand through your tousled hair. After another moment's hesitation, you decide to sit tight—and hand the dice to the next player.

If you dream of piloting diversified conglomerates, then Fortune 500 is your game. One hundred and fifty thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong, after all—each of them has shelled out the equivalent of $28 for Business, the French original of Fortune 500. The game is also sprouting up in England and Germany, thus threatening the same international hegemony that many of the companies themselves enjoy.

The popularity of Fortune 500, which distributor James Pressman calls "a terrific playing game," apparently stems from its close simulation of the Real Thing. Players amass factories, take on consultants, arrange loans, and so forth, as they move around a Monopoly-like board composed of companies instead of streets. The firm that makes the game, Editions Fenwick, claims that Fortune 500 involves "all the risks and opportunities that exist in real life."

Fenwick's contentions are hard to distrust, since their own marketing strategy has been so brilliant. The firm actually charges corporations $30,000 for a place on the board, as if it were a seat on the exchange. In a letter sent to selected members of the Fortune 500, Fenwick offers one of the 20 places on the board with the canny remark that Fortune 500 "provides further 'corporate advertising' penetration for your company." Not only Grace and Aetna, but at least five other giants have already anted up.

The game will hit the high-class department stores at Christmas-time, where it will cost $20. Pressman hopes to sell 50,000 the first year, and 250,000 in 1980.

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Flatfoot Journalism

It's been a rocky time for journalists of late. Judges have recently subpoenaed a *New York Times* reporter's notes, permitted police to search a newsroom, and upheld the government censorship of an article explaining the construction of a hydrogen bomb. But it may get even worse. A state senator in Massachusetts has introduced two pieces of legislation, one requiring reporters to register as private detectives and the other requiring them to file financial statements, along with legislators. The first bill has already passed the state senate.

Republican Senator Dennis McKenna introduced the bills in the hopes of making journalists as accountable to the public as the shamus and the lawmaker. McKenna claims that reporters make it their business to disrupt the lives of innocent citizens and hints darkly that some local journalists may be on the take from corporations. "Newspapers," he argues, "should be proponents of the law, yet they've become so big and powerful that they actually circumvent the law." McKenna cites as an instance of this abuse of power the *Boston Globe* Spotlight Team, whose investigations have pointed to acts of corruption by as many as 300 people, only two of whom have been indicted by grand juries.

If McKenna's attack sounds a wee bit intemperate, it may not be wholly unconnected to the Spotlight Team's discovery that one of his full-time employees operated from the confinements of Cape Cod, where he was living out a sedate, though well-heeled, retirement. The Spotlight Team has won two Pulitzer prizes for its work, and, as one member pointed out, "We don't feel we have to produce convictions to justify our profession."

Publicity may have marked out both bills for doom. The detective-registration bill slipped through the senate disguised as a simple attempt to expand the official definition of private eyes, pushed disingenuously by several of Senator McKenna's Republican colleagues. Now that it's unmasked, the bill is given little chance of passing in the House. But, as one *Boston Globe* reporter commented, "The irony of it is that they want us to file as detectives, and we weren't even good enough detectives to find out about this bill" until it arrived in the House.

TRACY GARNER

Ills the Modern Flesh Is Heir to

The consumer society provides its beneficiaries with everything, including highly specialized ailments. According to the *Harvard Medical School Health Letter*, our material well-being has been accompanied not only by "Credit Card Wallet Sciatica," but the "Ponderous Purse Syndrome."

In the first disorder, noted by Dr. Elmer Lutz of Passaic, New Jersey, a wallet bulging with credit cards compresses the sciatic nerve and causes severe leg pain. Dr. Lutz found that performing a "wallet-ectomy" relieved the pain. The second ailment was diagnosed by Dr. W. King Engel of Rockville, Maryland, who conjectures that heavy purses, hanging from frail shoulders, lead to muscle spasms in the neck and shoulder and even, with the neck wrenched into an abnormal position, pinched nerves.

Research on "Narrow Jeans Lumbago" and "Pillbox Hat Headache" remains inconclusive.

Submissions

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There should be a word for people who take up hospital space they don't really need.

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Outpatients.

It's expensive enough being in the hospital for a good reason. What a waste of money and facilities to be there for no good reason at all. Especially with the cost of health care spiraling at more than twice the rate of inflation.

It concerns us because private health insurance now covers 177,000,000 Americans. 147,000,000 of these are protected against even catastrophic expenses.

Though we've accomplished this through healthy competition, we realize that no one, including us, has done enough about containing health care costs.

That's why, though the system is basically sound, we wholeheartedly back this idea: greater stress on alternate means of treatment, such as ambulatory care centers and Health Maintenance Organizations, for less costly care outside the hospital. (And insurance companies are paying for more and more types of outpatient services.)

There's a booklet called *Cutting Hospital Stays*. We'll send you one free if you'll write to us at the Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 14, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

The rising cost of health care is one epidemic that definitely can be arrested.

THE HEALTH INSURANCE COMPANIES IN AMERICA

Let's keep health care healthy

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EDITORIAL

History Lesson

THE NEWS services cannot reasonably be expected to report on all the thousands of speeches given each day throughout the United States. One of these talks, however, deserves special attention. It was given by Dr. Charles Price, former head of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Price is a distinguished scientist who has followed and analyzed the dynamics of the world armaments race.

Speaking before a meeting of World Federalists in the nation's capital, Dr. Price provided some startling facts that may help to explain the present runaway military expenditures by the United States. These expenditures represent the single biggest cause of the present mushrooming inflation, which in the current year alone will wipe out 15 percent of the value of all the savings and insurance accumulated over the years by the American people.

Dr. Price went back 18 years in setting the stage for the present lavish military spending. He described the efforts of Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy to head off a senseless and economically pulverizing arms competition with the Soviet Union. They believed that countries caught in the upward spiral of the arms race could only become progressively less secure.

Perhaps the greatest single asset inherited by President Kennedy from President Eisenhower was the person of John J. McCloy, former high commissioner to Germany during the occupation following World War II. McCloy, a businessman-lawyer who enjoyed the highest respect nationally and internationally, was entrusted with the complex task of hammering out an arms agreement with the Soviet Union. McCloy's Soviet counterpart in the negotiations was Valerian Zorin. With the full backing of President Kennedy, McCloy negotiated an agreement that would make possible genuine and comprehensive disarmament. It envisioned actual cutbacks in nuclear stockpiles. It would have the effect of shrinking the military establishment in both countries. Kennedy hailed the proposed agreement as an historic breakthrough in reversing the terrifying cycle of tension, weapons development, and militarization that represented such a threat to national security and world peace.

The McCloy-Zorin agreement went far beyond the present SALT II proposals, which do not eliminate the dangers of existing stockpiles but seek to head off escalation of the arms race.

What happened to the McCloy-Zorin proposal? Dr. Price presented evidence to show that the American military never intended to allow the treaty to be effectuated. He quoted military leaders as having said that, while they felt it might be useful for the United States to be associated with the proposal because it was responsive to world public opinion, no one in the Pentagon was taking the agreement seriously. With the assassination of Kennedy, the McCloy-Zorin agreement faded away. President Johnson did nothing to advance it or even to keep it alive.

Why should the military be allowed to exercise a silent veto over U.S. foreign policy?

Why should the military be allowed to exercise a silent veto over U.S. foreign policy? Another profoundly disturbing question concerns the widening role of the military in the life of the American people—almost as a grim fulfillment of President Eisenhower's warning in his farewell address. President Kennedy was struggling with this problem at the time of his assassination. President Johnson, looking to a negotiated peace, was on the verge of holding talks with North Vietnam when, without his authorization, U.S. military officials in Vietnam decided to bomb Hanoi. The talks were cancelled. Paradoxically, the president who came the closest to asserting the primacy of the chief executive over the military was Richard M. Nixon, with his order to dismantle our stockpile of bacteriological weapons—an initiative that has now been reversed by the military with a casualness that borders on contempt for the moral and political issues involved.

The stark and unquestionable fact yet to be recognized by enough Americans is that the military is no longer fully subject to constitutional restraints. It has no intention of accepting any contraction in the military budget or in its expanding hold over the political and economic life of the nation.

A legitimate defense budget is essential—but it is not to be confused with appropriations that have the primary effect of bolstering military institutions. The evidence is clear that military spending has become not just an index to our defensive capacity but an end in itself and a means of creating a government over government.

It is a serious error to suppose that such a change in the nature of our society could come about just through military design. American labor unions have been at least as potent as the military-industrial complex identified by President Eisenhower. They are primarily responsible for keeping arms plants going despite any demonstrated security need. Millions of people are putting jobs above the ultimate well-being, safety, and security of American society. The number of senators and representatives who have the courage to vote against mass military spending is shockingly small.

Even more disturbing in the present situation is the attempt of American military leaders to advance the idea that nuclear war would not be as horrible as is generally supposed. They are pressing the argument that medium-sized cities like Buffalo and Kiev, say, might be wiped out in a mutual nuclear attack and that the leaders of both countries could then step in and keep the war from going any further. We are not told why, if the leaders are smart enough to halt a nuclear war after millions have been killed, they are not smart enough to prevent a war altogether.

The era of Dr. Strangelove is upon us. We are already doing to ourselves everything we feared the enemy might do to us. The greatest danger to the American people today is not a surprise attack but the steady erosion of the principles that went into the making of a free society and that alone can sustain it.

Is there a Thomas Jefferson or a John Adams among us who can split the sky with indignation over the disfiguration of Constitutional government and the systematic cheapening of the currency produced by willful military spending?

The question, of course, applies not just to leaders but to the people themselves. How much importance do we attach to a free heritage? Deep down, are we more committed to payrolls than to peace? What rights are we willing to accord later generations? Are we even willing to look at these questions? —**N.C.**

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"Have a Nice Day!"

SHORTLY AFTER the quasi-annual Los Angeles fire disaster last year, we met Gordon Jenkins, the composer-conductor, and his wife, Beverly. The Jenkinses had lived in one of the oldest and most charming houses on Broad Beach Road in Malibu. Broad Beach was one of the areas most severely affected by the fire.

Mr. Jenkins told me that when the fire leaped down from the hills and started blazing across the street from their home, and the smoke billowed in, they were forced to leave. They drove to a motel and checked in for the night. Early the next morning, they went back home. As you drive along Broad Beach, what you see from your car is a row of garages. As a rule, the garages hide the houses, which are built along the beach. The Jenkinses' garage, being made of cement, was intact. When they went around the garage to where their house had stood the day before, they found only ashes. They had lived in the house for over 31 years.

They went back to the motel for what I suspect was a crushingly dismal breakfast.

On their return to Broad Beach, they found that the police were blocking off the street. The policeman who stopped them told them no one but residents could enter the area. Mr. Jenkins told him that he was a resident, or that at any rate he had been a resident, his house having burned to the ground the day before. The cop checked his driver's license and waved them through, calling, "Have a nice day!"

The Jenkinses got about 200 feet down the road before the "Have a nice day" sank all the way in and their gales of laughter burst out. Surely, no other phrase could have made Gordon and Beverly Jenkins laugh all the way to the ashes of their home. That mindless pleasantry brightened a dark day.

"Have a nice day" is ubiquitous these days, at least in this part of the country. It is said constantly by supermarket checkers, filling-station attendants, receptionists, and just about everyone else who deals regularly with the public.

I have friends and relations, not necessarily curmudgeonly, who loathe the expression on the grounds that it is almost always said automatically and that, like most automatic utterances, it is almost always insincere.

My own feeling is that it is a pleasant enough pleasantry. I grant that "Have a nice day" probably helps no more than my wife's admonition, "Don't fall down." That's what Jeannie says whenever I'm standing on a narrow ledge or a stepladder. I'd do my best not to fall down even if she didn't tell me not to. Still, it's good to know that she cares.

There is a difference between "Have a nice day" and "Don't fall down" in that the person who tells me to have a nice day may not be sincerely concerned over what kind of day I'll have, whereas if I should fall off the ladder, Jeannie's day could be seriously flawed.

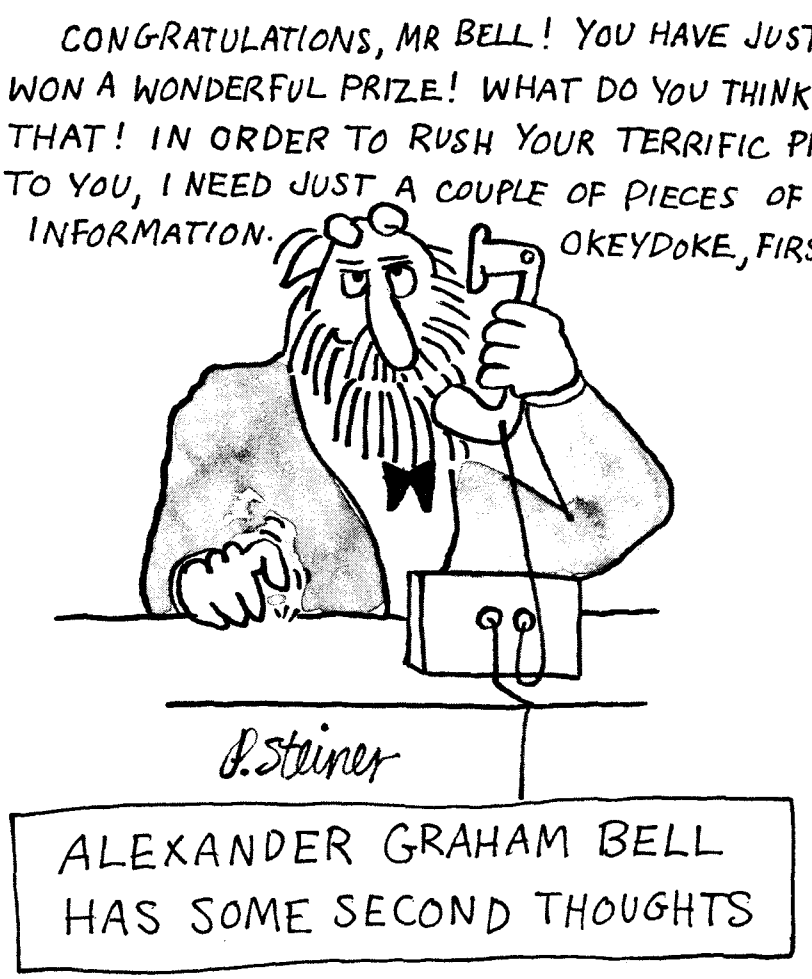
Years before I heard "Have a nice day," I was in the habit of telling people to have a good time, and I always meant it sincerely, for whatever good it might do. I remember long ago when I used to drive young Tom to school on those infrequent days when he'd miss the bus or the weather would be particularly foul. As I dropped him off, I always said, "Have a good time," and he always said, "Thanks," until one day, after my customary "Have a good time," he turned rather peevishly and said, "*Geez*, I'm going to *school*!"

I said, "I know. Have a good time while you're learning something, or learn something while you're having a good time. They're not mutually exclusive." He brightened and said, "Hey, ri-i-ght! Thanks!"

I think "Have a nice day" provides one of those little indications that we do care, even if only slightly, about one another's welfare. It has taken its place for a time in the storehouse of phrases we use for civility's sake, and on at least one occasion it brought unexpected laughter in a time of heavy tragedy.

Have a nice day.

—Thomas H. Middleton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ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL HAS SOME SECOND THOUGHTS

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TOP OF MY HEAD

The Rating Game

RECENTLY AN IRATE reader sent me a letter bemoaning the tragic situation of situation comedies on TV: "How could you have sat idly by all these years," she wrote, "and permitted *Laverne & Shirley* to become the number one Nielsen-rated show, without raising a hue and cry?"

In the first place, I haven't sat idly by. I challenge any viewer to match my alacrity in getting from my chair to my set to turn off *Laverne & Shirley*. I have been timed in 4.1 seconds, not counting the extra few seconds it takes to mutter, "Oh no, not again."

In the second place, the lady has me confused with the esteemed Karl E. Meyer, *SR*'s erudite TV critic, to whom I should have sent her letter in the first place. He should be the one to try to suggest to her and the 40 or 50 million other viewers (A.C. Nielsen's figures) who sit and watch *Laverne & Shirley* every week how they could better employ that half hour.

Don't get me wrong. It's not that I dislike the program. I hate it. Even before it was aired—when I read in my *TV Guide* that Laverne and Shirley were two girls who worked in a brewery, where anything funny can happen and usually does—I knew that those two were not going to be my cups of tea.

Although I never have watched the show in its entirety, I have, in spinning my dial, gotten some flashes of what has been going on. Just split seconds of the high-decibel, cacophonic laughter gave me the sense that a whole half hour spent with them would be like a trip through an Institution for the Inane.

I am certain that Mr. Meyer must look awry, aghast, and astounded at a TV critic who would render an appraisal of a TV show that he has seen only in hot flashes. But I have been kept informed of every week's episode by my trusty *TV Guide*. Typical is this brief synopsis: "Lovelorn Lenny misconstrues the girls' advice that he find someone who shares his interests and falls madly in love with Laverne."

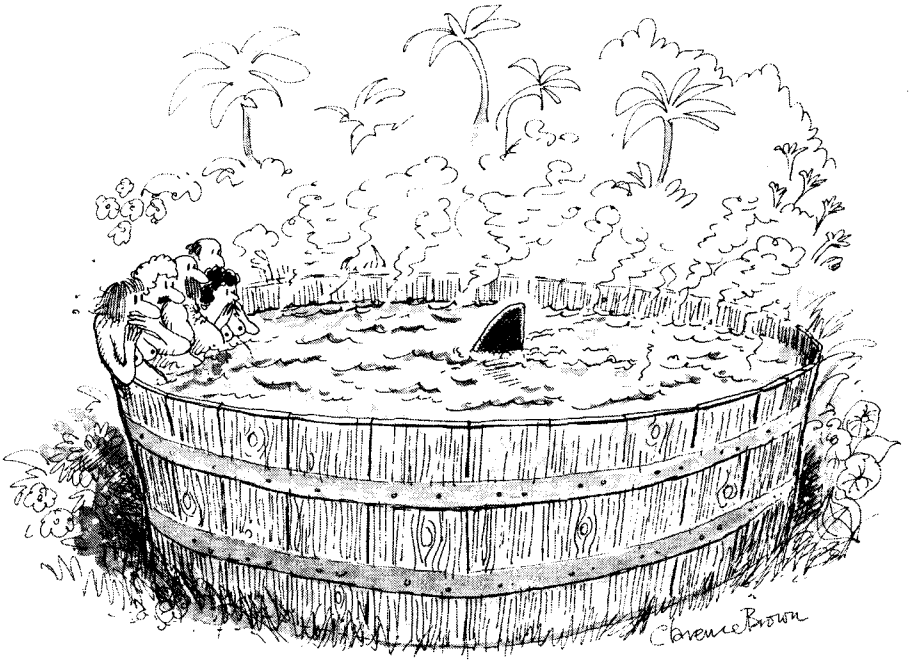
The key word there is "misconstrues." Any story line born of a fragile misconception is anathema to me. A similar and popular story-line gimmick is the phrase "unbeknownst to him." As in: Tom, who is trying to get a raise, tells his secretary, Nancy, to phone and tell his wife, Phyllis, that he is bringing his boss, Mr. Wormser, home to dinner and to prepare a sumptuous meal. Unbeknownst to Tom, Nancy forgets to call his wife, Phyllis, who is unbeknownst that the boss is coming and has prepared a dinner of salmon salad. Of course, unbeknownst to Tom and Nancy and Phyllis, it turns out that Mr. Wormser's favorite meal is salmon salad, and Tom gets the raise.

Another person who has misconstrued something is the woman who wrote the letter asking how I could "permit" a bad TV show to become number one. Unbeknownst to her, there are not many TV critics who seriously believe that what they write can stay the ax of A.C. Nielsen's numbers. His are the power and the glory that perpetuate low-quality programs. Ask any TV vice-president how good a new show was last night, and he will automatically reply, "It got a 21.6." As Nielsen figures it, a 21.6 rating means that only about 36.2 million people watched the program. So the following week, the vice-president-in-charge-of-moving-programs-around reschedules the new low-rated show to follow a low-quality, high-rated one with 50 million viewers. I suspect that works on the theory that 13.8 million people won't rise simultaneously after a high-rated program to go to the fridge for a beer and to the bathroom, but not necessarily in that order.

Many years ago, when I first joined *SR*, I began berating the rating system in this space. In those days, the magazine was the *Saturday Review of Literature*. (I like to think it was only coincidental that some weeks after I came aboard, they dropped the *of Literature*.) It was clear to the readers then that I was raising a few hues and a lot of cries against the ratings. However, after a while, I noticed that almost all of the shows that I had been praising had been quietly dropped, while the bad ones flourished. I had become a powerful TV critic—with the clout of A.C. Nielsen—but in reverse. So I decided to stop being a critic.

I could have brought back quality to TV by praising *Laverne & Shirley*, *Three's Company*, and shows of similar ilk, and by knocking my favorites *Barney Miller* and *The Paper Chase*. But I stood mute these many years. And where are we today? We're back in the early 1960s, when Norman Minow, who was then head of the FCC, described television as a "vast wasteland." One can add: "Television is still a medium where it is rare to find anything well done."

—Goodman Ace



THE END OF THE CALIFORNIA HOT-TUB CRAZE

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The Origins of VIOLENCE

by Richard Restak

In recent years psychobiologists have started assembling the pieces in a vast jigsaw puzzle whose solution may finally result in an understanding and reduction of violence in different cultures. Anthropologists are fond of pointing out that not every culture is violent. Some, in fact, are nonviolent. The key question is, of course, What accounts for the differences?

One intriguing association that emerges from cross-cultural studies relates early infant-care practices to the later development of violence. With few exceptions, societies which provide infants with a great deal of physical affection and bodily contact produce relatively nonviolent adults. In societies where infants are touched, held, and carried, the incidence of violence is much less than in societies where infant care is restricted to merely feeding and changing. Left at this, such findings tell us little about the mechanisms involved. A superficial interpretation might be that touching and carrying are two aspects of good mothering. Or put differently, infant stimulation and interaction with a mothering (or fathering) figure are important for normal development.

In the late 1950s and early '60s, Harry and Margaret Kuenne Harlow, at the Primate Laboratory of the University of Wisconsin, began a series of experimental observations on rhesus monkeys that provided the first experimental evidence to suggest that abnormal early brain development, brought on by poor mothering, might be the key to understanding some forms of violence. Rhesus monkeys make excellent experimental subjects for investigating such a relationship. Along with humans, rhesus monkeys undergo a long period of physical and emotional development which is heavily dependent on early physical contact and attachment between infant monkeys and their mothers. The Harlows first studied the effects of isolating the infant rhesus monkeys soon after birth. Alone in a cage, the isolated monkeys were able to view other monkeys in similar cages across the laboratory, but weren't able to make physical contact with them.

When later studied as adults, the isolated monkeys were withdrawn, often sitting for long periods of time staring blankly into space. In addition, they exhibited self-mutilating behavior, often pinching a patch of skin between their fingers hundreds of times a day. On occasion, the animals bit parts of their own bodies, often in response to the approach of their human caretakers. At still a later point, self-aggression changed into aggression toward others, a "cringing fearfulness" merging into "prominent displays of hostility."

But the most intriguing observation of the isolated monkeys concerns their later behavior toward their young. Isolated females become brutal, indifferent mothers who, as a group, show less warmth and affection and, on occasion, kill their offspring. This was the first indication that the mother-infant interaction was a reciprocal one. Isolated, unstimulated monkeys grew up to become unstable, brutal parents. Deprivation of some aspect of the physical closeness usually bestowed on an infant resulted in a later inability to be a good parent. But what aspect of the mother-infant interaction is most important?

In an attempt to understand the mothering process, the Harlows placed a group of newborn monkeys in cages with two types of surrogate mothers—one made of cloth, the other made entirely of wires. In almost all instances the infant monkeys spent more time clinging to their cloth-covered mothers than to their wire mothers, even when the monkeys obtained milk from a bottle attached to the wire mothers! The Harlows interpreted these findings as showing the overwhelming importance of bodily contact and the immediate comfort it supplies in forming the infant's attachment for its mother.

If the wire surrogate was replaced with a cloth mother, one capable of rocking, the monkeys, in most cases, preferred the rocking to the motionless cloth mother. When the two groups were later compared, their behavior contrasted dramatically. Those monkeys raised with motionless cloth mothers now showed repetitive rocking motions, while the monkeys provided earlier with moving cloth surrogates failed to show abnormal movement patterns. From here, psychobiologists speculate that sensory stimulation might be an absolute requirement for normal brain development. If this is true, however, what kinds of stimulation are most important?

Infants and children immobilized in bed for the treatment of bone fractures often develop emotional disturbances marked by hyperactivity and outbursts of rage and violence. Since only movement, and not sight or hearing, is restricted, a relationship is suggested between early diminished movement and later abnormal, often violent, behavior.

A similar correlation can be demonstrated in adults. When a group of adult faculty members at a university took part in an experiment testing the effects of immobilizing their heads in a halter, 85 percent reported the experience as "stressful." Vision and hearing were not interfered with and the subjects were free to converse with each other and engage in any activity they wished as long as their heads remained in the halter. Restriction of movement alone resulted in "intellectual inefficiency, bizarre thoughts, exaggerated emotional reactions, and unusual bodily sensations." In adults, as well as infants, immobility alone, despite intact vision or hearing, can result in abnormal mental experiences, disturbed behavior and, in many cases, violence.

Observations of mother-infant interactions in the laboratory yield similar results. Physical holding and carrying of the infant turns out to be the most important factor responsible for the infant's normal mental and social development. Dr. Frank Pedersen, chief of the Section on Parent-Child Interaction of the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development, compared the effects of visual, auditory, and movement stimulation on the infant's mental and psychomotor development. Out of six variables ranging from social re-

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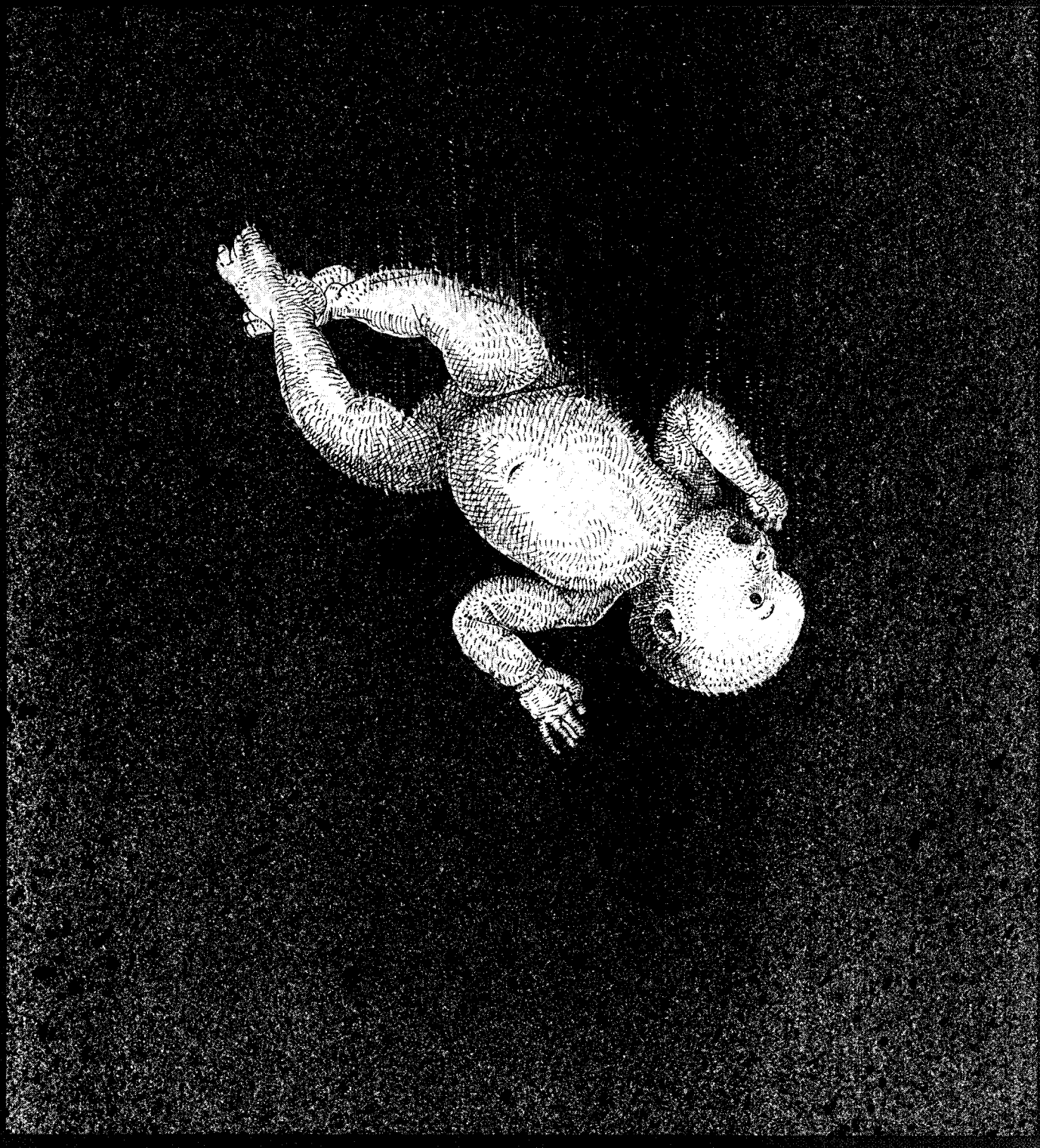

The secret springs of violence may lie in the infant brain. If its 'pleasure pathways' are not stimulated by rocking and caressing, it may flood the child with violent impulses.

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sponsiveness to object permanence, movement correlated positively with all six areas, whereas vision and hearing were important in only one.

So far, the results I've been describing are a matter of hard scientific fact. From here we move into issues that are more speculative. Not all psychobiologists are in agreement here, but the general trend is toward a revolution in our concept of the role of the environment in normal brain development and the subsequent tendency toward violence.

Any type of body movement, even something as passive as being held or rocked, results in a train of impulses directed toward a specific part of the brain, the cerebellum. Traditionally, the cerebellum, a small three-lobed structure behind the occipital lobe at the posterior part of the brain, is considered an important coordinator for movement. When you reach for a cup of coffee, for instance, the cerebellum is responsible for the smooth coordination necessary to bring the liquid to your lips. Patients with diseases of the cerebellum cannot lift a cup of coffee without spilling it. They also frequently sway when walking and, in some cases, cannot even sit without tilting to one side or the other. In a phrase, the cerebellum is responsible for smoothly coordinated muscular efforts. A ballet dancer represents perfect cerebellar functioning in which thousands of muscles are controlled with exquisite precision.

Without physical closeness, the infant's pleasure system is stunted. His difficulty in feeling pleasure may later tip him toward violence.

When an infant is rocked or cuddled, impulses are directed to the cerebellum that stimulate its development, a process that goes on until at least age two. In fact, the cerebellum is unique, since it is the only part of the brain where brain-cell multiplication continues long after birth.

"The cerebellum provides an explanatory model for the effects of social isolation," says Dr. James Prescott, a developmental neuropsychologist at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development. "The rocking behavior of isolation-reared monkeys and institutionalized children may result from insufficient body contact and movement. Consequently, both touch and movement receptors and their projections to other brain structures don't receive sufficient sensory stimulation for normal development and function."

Prescott's unorthodox theory emphasized the role of a brain structure, the cerebellum, which, according to traditional psychobiological thinking, has nothing to do with behavior. Not surprisingly, it was originally greeted with a good deal of disbelief and skepticism. For one thing, how could such a radical proposal be proven? What data exist to prove that emotional reactions, such as violence, are related to activities in the cerebellum?

"The first requirement was to demonstrate that the cerebellum is connected with the emotional control centers of the limbic system," says Prescott. "There was really no reason to think that there were such connections other than the observation that lack of cerebellar stimulation, such as with isolation-reared monkeys or institutionalized children, leads to emotional disorders. The obvious place to look, it seemed, was in the brains of Harlow's isolation-reared monkeys."

In 1975, Prescott sent five isolation-reared monkeys from Harlow's laboratory to Robert G. Heath at Tulane University in New Orleans. Heath, a 64-year-old neuropsychiatrist, is a fiercely controversial figure who, over the past 25 years, has implanted stimulating and recording electrodes deep within the brains of a wide variety of people. In the process Heath, a flamboyant but indefatigable researcher, has created for himself an international reputation for work which has ranged from studies measuring the brain's electrical changes accompanying normal orgasm to the detection, by electron microscope, of the subtle alteration in the brains of monkeys trained to smoke marijuana. Heath's principal research interest, however, has always remained the psychobiology of psychosis and violence.

Psychosis, particularly schizophrenia, is marked by dramatic alterations in the patient's ability to experience pleasure. Anhedonia—literally the loss of the pleasure sense—is often accompanied by excessively painful emotional behaviors such as fear or rage. Although seemingly incapable of deriving pleasure, schizophrenics have heightened appreciations of pain, anguish, and loneliness. In 1954, Heath began a lifetime study looking for the brain mechanisms responsible for this pleasure-displeasure disturbance.

What emerged from Heath's rather unorthodox experiments (one patient retained an electric stimulator in his head for over three years) was a "map" of the brain's pleasure and displeasure centers. Patients implanted with electrodes in their septum, for instance, would selectively self-stimulate repeatedly. At other times during pleasure, such as an orgasm, activation could be detected in the septal region. With more intense sexual orgasm, faster-frequency activity occurred which appeared similar to the brain waves seen during some forms of epileptic seizures. In some cases, even talking about sexual matters was enough to elicit similar septal activations.

Heath's experimental findings on pleasure-displeasure complemented Prescott's observations on the important role of early movement stimulation and violence. Certainly, according to traditional ideas about the cerebellum and the limbic system, there seemed to be no way to correlate them.

At the base of Prescott's hunch that emotion and movement are interrelated were some common observations. Children like to be picked up, rocked, and taken on merry-go-rounds and roller coasters, as well as being whirled through the air. Most of us enjoy warm baths and soothing massages as calmers of tension and anxiety. Physical exertion such as sports or hard physical work can be exhilarating, even on occasion providing a "natural high." In all these instances, body movement seems to induce pleasurable emotions.

If these behavioral correlations exist, then, Prescott reasoned, there *must* be connections between the brain areas responsible for emotion (the limbic system) and those controlling movement (cerebellum). To look for these connections, Dr. Heath employed the method of evoked potentials. After implanting electrodes into several brain sites, a brief electrical stimulus was delivered to one of them while simultaneous recordings were made from the other sites. If activity could be detected, it provided an indication that the two sites were interconnected.

Heath's initial results with the Harlow monkeys showed, not surprisingly, that the limbic areas responsible for emotion (hippocampus, amygdala, and septal areas) were directly linked. What was more surprising, however, was the discovery of connections between these emotional centers and the cerebellum. In addition, two-way communication could be shown between the centers in the cerebellum and the emotional areas of the brain for pleasure and displeasure.

These results, Prescott believes, provide a preliminary basis for a psychobiological theory of the origin of human violence, which may result from a permanent defect in the pleasure centers secondary to inadequate early mothering experiences. The infant who is deprived of movement and physical closeness will fail to develop the brain pathways that mediate pleasure. In essence, such people may be suffering at the neuronal level from stunted growth of their pleasure system.

In this model the expression of pleasure cannot be transmitted through the appropriate parts of the brain, because there are fewer cell connections. Since the infant is deprived of movement and touch stimuli, fewer impulses are relayed to the immature cerebellum; as a result, it develops abnormally.

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Fewer connections are then made between the cerebellum and the pleasure centers. Later, the person may have problems experiencing pleasure and, as a result, develop an insatiable need for it. In the absence of pleasure, the balance tips toward dysfunctional states such as violence.

"Think of these people as similar to diabetics," suggests Prescott. "As long as the diabetic gets his regular supply of insulin, everything is fine. Deprive him of insulin, and all kinds of physical and emotional disturbances may result. In a similar way, a child deprived of physical closeness will develop an extraordinary need for affection later in life which is unlikely to be fulfilled in the real adult world. This person often lapses into periodic violence."

Obviously, the relationship of environmental stimulation, brain development, and subsequent violence is complex. So far, the theory that early physical contact and movement may play a later role in a tendency toward violence remains an intriguing but unproven possibility which can only be settled by further psychobiological research. In the meantime, however, increasing violence on our streets and in our homes underscores the importance of carrying out whatever research will enable us to decide one way or another.

Child abuse is one promising area worthy of further research. Pediatricians have known for years that violent parents are often themselves the victims of child abuse. Psychiatric interviews with child abusers reveal a pattern of reduced pleasure in daily living. In addition, they typically report little enjoyment of sexuality, with only a few of the mothers reporting that they have ever experienced orgasm. Most appear so involved in catering to their own insatiable emotional needs that they have little time to respond to the basic needs of their children.

Open discussion with such parents often reveals an isolated, alienated person with a quick temper, low frustration tolerance, and a sense of personal deprivation. Since they cannot receive pleasure, they are also poor providers of pleasure to their infants. Child-abusing mothers rarely report having "fun" with their babies, and in a physician's office demonstrate little positive interaction, often spending the examination time concentrating on how to satisfy their own emotional needs. The abusive parent's behavior is, in essence, reminiscent of the mothering patterns of Harlow's isolated monkeys, who, in many cases, had to be physically restrained from abusing their infants. The most pernicious aspect of the child-abuse syndrome, of course, is its tendency to repeat itself from generation to generation.

Thanks to a greater awareness of child abuse on the part of physicians and the general public, child abusers are now coming to public attention sooner. In addition, major hospitals are setting up child-abuse clinics with established protocols designed to improve the quality of interaction between parent and child. Increased infant-care instruction, a lengthened period of maternal "lying in" arrangements, instructions on feeding patterns which emphasize physical closeness—these are only a few of the newer methods being tried, all of which tend to increase cerebellar stimulation through early and sustained physical contact between parent and child.

Child abuse, along with other forms of violence in our society, is a multifaceted problem. To explain violence as entirely the result of a brain dysfunction is unrealistic and socially disastrous. Still, I consider the current attempts to relate pleasure-displeasure states, mental illness, and the early patterns of parenting as exciting and promising. If the technique of cerebellar stimulation works as well as early reports are suggesting, psychobiologists may soon be able to improve the lives of thousands of "hopeless" patients. Despite the success of medication in the control of mental illness, there remains a small core of untreated, frequently violent patients who are doomed to spend the rest of their lives in institutions. It is with these patients that the cerebellar-stimulation techniques seem to work best.

Along with basic brain research, however, we need parallel studies on the social aspects of violence and child abuse. Warm, demonstrative parents...should...be less likely than their cold, aloof counterparts to produce violently disturbed children. Is this true? At this point, no one can be certain. In fact, research couldn't begin to investigate the question until the recent suggestion that movement might be important for healthy brain and behavioral development. The acceptance of such a view, however, requires a paradigm change in our attitude toward the effects of the environment on brain development. It isn't intuitively obvious that the cerebellum, a regulator of movement, might also be involved in the modulation of pleasure or the later propensity to violence. Although we are still not sure a new and exciting approach is now available which may reward the collaboration of psychobiologists and social scientists. Who would have even imagined 10 years ago that studies on early brain development and infant stimulation might someday suggest a provisional theory about the origin and treatment of human violence? ◉

Richard Restak is a neurologist and author of Premeditated Man: Bioethics and the Control of Future Human Life.

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Renegade Tax Reform: Turning Prop 13 on its Head

by David Osborne

IN THE YEAR since Proposition 13 swept in from the West, the tax revolt has been seen almost exclusively as a conservative phenomenon: a rising tide of middle-class rage against four decades of New Deal, Fair Deal, and Great Society spending; a deliberate attack on the poor, the disadvantaged, the black and brown.

That perception is false—or so says the Ohio Public Interest Campaign (OPIC), the vanguard of a little-noticed but growing movement bent on turning the tax revolt on its head. Adamantly opposed to the cutbacks mandated by conservative tax-cut plans, OPIC believes the real target of taxpayers' anger is not government spending but the unfairness of the tax burden, the ability of large corporations and wealthy individuals to dodge through loopholes while the average citizen makes up the difference. And they plan to prove it with something called the Ohio Fair Tax Initiative, a measure that would cut taxes for low- and middle-income people but raise them for both the wealthy and big business.

Two states away, the Illinois Public Action Council—like OPIC a federation of citizens' groups, labor, and other organizations—is proposing similar legislation. "Our view is that tax reform is a progressive issue, not a right-wing issue," says Public Action director Bob Creamer. "People are mad about their taxes, not about abstract spending questions. The issue is who pays."

In Massachusetts, too, a broad coalition of labor, citizens' groups, mayors, and the populist Mass Fair Share organization is pushing progressive tax reform. And elsewhere groups like Oregon Fair Share, People for Fair Taxes in Washington, and the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now (ACORN), with chapters in 14 states, are watching closely. Nationally, the public-employee unions are joining the battle wherever it erupts, and the Progressive Alliance of left-wing Democrats put together by Douglas Fraser of the United Auto Workers (UAW) ranks tax reform at the top of its agenda.

"If we can succeed in Massachusetts, Illinois, and Ohio with substantial progressive tax reform," says Creamer, "then the odds are that we're going to see lots of other people trying it across the country, in the same way that the general tax limitation movement was so radically spurred by the victory Jarvis and Gann had in California."

The progressive tax reform advocates point to the most detailed poll yet done on taxes, by Burns Roper, to support their contentions. "In the view of the American public," the poll concluded, "the major problem with the federal tax system in this country is its unfairness.... A growing majority sees middle-income people as overtaxed, while upper-income people and large businesses are seen as undertaxed." (The share of federal income-tax revenues borne by business has dropped over 5 percent in the last 10 years, with a parallel shift in the property-tax burden in many states.) Those interviewed by Roper ranked "tax reform" the nation's third most pressing problem, "lowering taxes" tenth. And 76 percent agreed that tax reform meant either "making taxes fairer to all" or "tightening up loopholes," while only 5 percent felt it meant their "taxes would probably go down."

The progressives also argue that Prop 13 proved itself a poor reflection of the nation's mood at the polls last November. "Jarvis got whipped," says Jim Savarese, director of public policy for the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), a union that has made progressive tax reform its top priority. "There were only four states that had Prop 13-style things on the ballot—meat-ax approaches. The two that lost were in Oregon and Michigan, states that are substantial. The two that won were in Idaho and Nevada—and let's face it, they're no bellwethers of public opinion in the U.S."

If the new populists are correct—and can prove it at the polls—the impact on American politics will be tremendous. A tax revolt that has in one short year cut the very legs out from under big-spending liberalism will suddenly give rise to a new, anticorporate populism, challenging Democrats to redefine their politics not to the right, but to the left. A conflict that now pits middle-class taxpayers against welfare recipients will suddenly pit the average person against the wealthy and corporate elite.

"There's no way the old liberal approach—which is to continue to raise the taxes of the middle class and continue to spend money—can continue," explains Ira Arlook, director of OPIC. "Liberals will either have to give up on the social spending commitments that have made them liberals, or they'll have to become whatever we are—progressives, populists, whatever. It's very simple, but what makes it difficult for many people who want careers as politicians is that it puts them right up against the corporations, and that threatens their political careers. What we have to demonstrate is that people like us—who are an increasing majority

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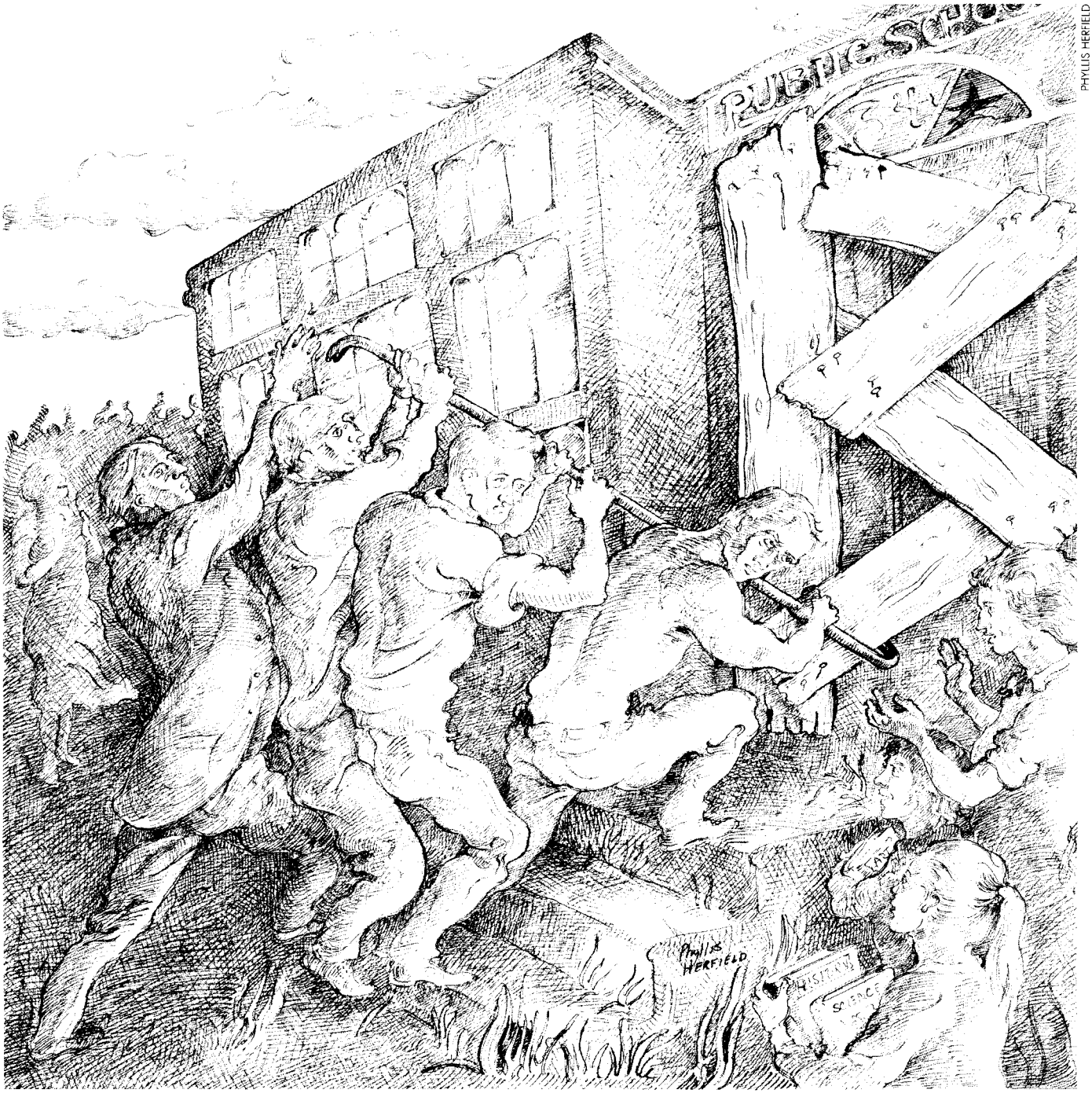

and who can deliver on referenda and initiatives—threaten their careers even more."

As brash as such projections may seem, OPIC just may be the organization to pull them off. In four years of existence, its founders have assembled a remarkable coalition of labor, black, Hispanic, senior-citizen, church, neighborhood, and even small-business groups, and have almost single-handedly made the issue of tax breaks for business a major one in Ohio politics.

Ohio, overall, is a low-tax state. Personal and property taxes are very low, while business taxes fall in a middle range. In per capita spending on public services—schools, roads, police, and the like—the state ranks among the lowest in the nation. In fact, the real crisis in the state is not high taxes, as it was in California, but an inability to raise enough revenue to keep the public schools open. "If we're famous for anything in Ohio," says Arlook, "it's for our school closings."

So when cities like Cleveland offer highly profitable corporations like Sohio and National City Bank tax breaks worth close to a million dollars a year over 20 years—while schools are closing for lack of revenue—residents tend to swallow hard. OPIC took on the Cleveland city council over those two "abatements"—the official name for property-tax exemptions given corporations on new or redeveloped buildings—in 1977.

Arguing that such breaks make no difference in most corporate decisions to locate—and backed up by a series of national studies supporting their point—the organization made hay out of the issue. City council meetings were packed with angry citizens; demonstrations were held in which neighborhood residents mockingly dumped garbage from their streets on prime downtown construction sites classified as "blighted areas" under the state abatement laws; and hundreds of thousands of anti-abatement leaflets were distributed.

By November of 1977 OPIC had made tax abatement a household word in Cleveland, one of two issues responsible

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Tax reform has big business worried. The Ohio Manufacturers Association has called the measure 'ridiculous,' and vowed to spend $2 million to defeat it.

for what the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* called "the greatest political purge in Cleveland's history," in which seven incumbent councilmen were defeated and outspoken populist Dennis Kucinich was swept into the mayor's office.

With the abatement issue igniting in other cities as well and California's Prop 13 looming on the horizon, the tax initiative was a natural. When the Jarvis-Gann landslide came in on June 7, says Arlook, "we decided we'd better jump out in front with a progressive tax-reform measure as quickly as possible, before we ended up having to fight a defensive battle against the Jarvis kind of approach. There are some other proposals in the wings, but by being first we have begun to define the terms of the debate in a way that's really crucial."

THE FAIR TAX Initiative combines two major elements: property-tax relief for low- and middle-income homeowners, renters, and farmers, and increased revenues for school funding generated by closing business-tax loopholes and making the personal and business income taxes more progressive.

The property-tax relief is delivered via a "circuit breaker," a device already employed in some form by roughly 20 states. It works like this: Any household whose income is below $30,000 a year and whose property tax (considered to be 10 percent of annual rent for renters) exceeds 2.5 percent of that income is eligible for a rebate through an income-tax credit. The amount is half the figure (60 percent for disabled and senior citizens) by which the property tax exceeds the 2.5 percent level, up to a maximum of $300. Thus a family earning $20,000 a year and paying $1,000 in property taxes would get $250 back. Someone earning $10,000 and paying $333 in monthly rent would get $75. According to OPIC, 85 to 90 percent of all households in Ohio earn less than $30,000 a year, and roughly two-thirds of those would be eligible for a rebate.

As for closing business-tax loopholes, the initiative would repeal the state laws allowing tax abatement, revoke certain exemptions from the sales tax currently granted business, and require banks and savings and loans to pay the corporate franchise (income) tax like any other business. Franchise-tax rates would be altered to lower taxes for businesses earning under $75,000 in net taxable income per year and hike them from 8 to 10 percent on income above that figure.

Personal income-tax rates, which are now graduated between zero and $40,000, but which level off at a flat 3.5 percent for any income above that line, would be graduated on up to 6 percent for those making over $50,000 a year. Thus income taxes would go up for the wealthiest 10 to 15 percent of the population.

In total, according to the state Department of Taxation, the initiative would raise approximately $562 million in new revenues in fiscal 1980, the great bulk from business. Roughly $120 million would be handed back via the property-tax circuit breaker.

STEVE CAGAN

Protesting tax abatements for business.

When OPIC kicked off the petition drive last fall—using the slogan "We can have tax relief and keep our schools open too"—the media quickly tagged it Ohio's version of the tax revolt. The resulting bandwagon effect, combined with the broad base of organizations OPIC was able to tap, enabled it to do what many thought impossible: gather 93,000 signatures in just six weeks. Under Ohio law, any petition signed by 3 percent of the number of voters in the last gubernatorial election must be considered by the legislature. If after 120 days the petitioners are not satisfied with the General Assembly's action, they can put the proposal on the ballot with another 3 percent—in this case, 85,300 signatures.

Barring an unexpected breakdown during the 10-day grace period allowed to make up for invalid signatures among the first 93,000, the OPIC initiative should be before the legislature by early spring. Assuming that even if passed the bill will be vetoed by Republican Governor James Rhodes, the expected ballot showdown would come next November or the following June. And most people in positions to know give OPIC a fair chance to win.

"Everyone's receptive to tax relief," says Dean Lovelace, head of the Ohio Black Political Assembly. "But the seller on this initiative, from the people I collected signatures from, was that corporate loopholes would be closed. It's everyone's view that the corporate fellows tend to get off the hook—that they don't pay, and that the corporate sector can pay a lot easier than the average homeowner."

Surprisingly, the OPIC staffers report that Lovelace's experience was typical: The most attractive bait in gathering signatures was the idea of forcing business to pay its "fair share."

"The approach was in some ways new to people," says Ed Kelly, OPIC research director. "Usually, lowering taxes means cutting services. Many people were skeptical of us in a way, because they assumed our proposal would mean cutbacks. Then you'd explain the idea of raising revenues by closing corporate loopholes, and they'd say, 'OK, that sounds good.'"

Not surprisingly, big business itself was not so pleased. "The measure goes so far that it can properly be termed 'ridiculous' and 'nonsensible,'" the Ohio Manufacturers Association (OMA) fumed in its newsletter. If it passes, Ohio "cannot possibly compete with the other industrial states in this industrial corridor....To paraphrase Cato 2,100 years ago, 'OPIC must be destroyed' if Ohio is to survive."

That said, the OMA board chairman and another active member slapped a suit on the state, arguing principally that the initiative violated the state constitution by creating different classes of property for the purpose of taxation. Though the suit was thrown out of court in February (and immediately appealed), it was a clear signal of how seriously business takes the coming battle. The OMA has in fact already warned that business will mount "an all-out and expensive" campaign if the measure is put on the ballot, with $2 million being tossed around as a minimum.

Business will clearly strive to make the key issue one of job loss, arguing that higher taxes will drive business out of Ohio. Most people believe taxes are one reason industry has left the Northeast in such droves, and breaking that impression down will be the single most important hurdle for any organization attempting to raise corporate taxes.

The facts are there, however. Study after study—whether national, region-

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al, or local—has found tax levels to be negligible factors in corporate location decisions, insignificant compared to labor costs, union activities, transportation costs, and the like. "As one team of researchers has put it," a comprehensive Library of Congress survey concluded, "'there is little doubt that local (tax) subsidies are almost completely ineffective in influencing any regional location decisions.'" A congressional staff survey of nearly 1,300 businesses released just this January went even further, reporting that noneconomic factors like crime rates and schools are more important to corporate location decisions in urban areas than *any* financial factors, whether labor rates or taxes.

"*Business Week* estimates that 2 to 3 percent of total corporate costs are represented by state and local taxes," says OPIC's Kelly. "And any state is going to have taxes, so you're talking about some minor percentage difference between, say, 2.8 percent in one state and 3 percent in another. It's a very minor thing.

"Any corporation is going to say they'd like low taxes, but higher on their wish list are adequate services and schools. So the idea that you're going to improve your economy by having low taxes is contradictory, because if you offer low taxes, you're going to do it at the expense of other things that are much more important in terms of actually bringing business into your community and keeping them there."

WHETHER KELLY and his colleagues can get the message across only time—and campaign funds—will tell. They do have several factors going for them, however. The widespread debate over tax abatements has already raised public awareness of the facts and anger at corporate tax breaks. The school crisis has made it painfully obvious to many that new tax revenues are necessary, and polls done by the Ohio Education Association (OEA) show that if some taxes have to be raised, the public favors business taxes by a two to one margin over any other option. And OPIC will have the credibility of industrial union leaders—always the most sensitive about job loss—willing to stand up and say the Fair Tax Initiative will not cost Ohio one job. OPIC's close alliance with labor is owed largely to a long (though as yet unsuccessful) campaign for legislation protecting workers and communities against plant closings.

On the negative side, the issue could be clouded come November by the presence of other ballot initiatives on taxes and spending. Sponsors of both a spending limitation bill and a Jarvis-type property-tax cut have talked of petition drives. And the OEA, which feels the OPIC initiative does not raise enough new revenues for the schools, is also considering a petition drive. Ongoing discussions indicate the OEA proposal would raise perhaps a billion dollars a year in new funds, shift the property-tax burden partially onto more progressive income taxes, and also attack business-tax loopholes.

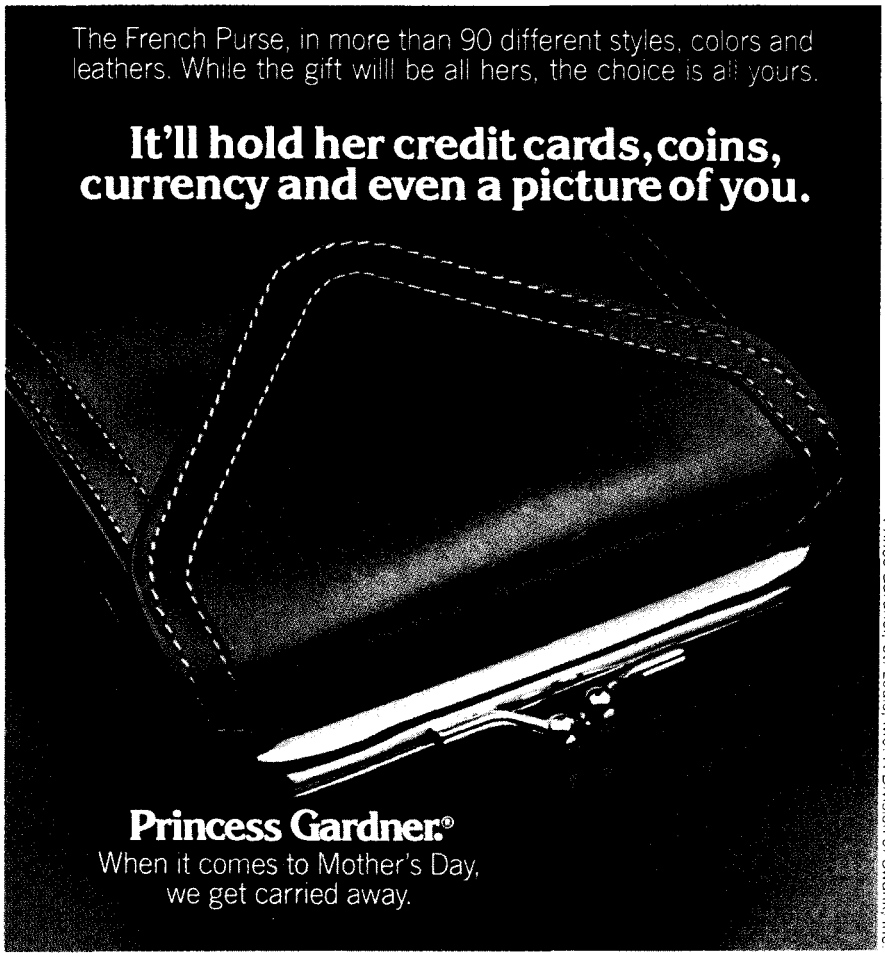
'If we can win progressive tax reform in Ohio,' says a lobbyist, 'it will be the clearest signal that's gone up since the lantern hung in Old North Church.'

Even if the competition does emerge, however, OPIC's Fair Tax Initiative has gained the advantage of being first out of the blocks. And given the options, the OPIC measure will in many ways appear the most reasonable, cutting property taxes and generating new funds for the schools, but doing neither to the extremes desired by the Jarvis or OEA people. While the business community will surely paint the initiative as radical and dangerous, most legislators see it as a modest proposal, and if labor has a criticism—particularly public employees—it's that it doesn't go far enough.

If the proposal wins, says Mary Lynne Cappelletti, OPIC's lobbyist in the state capitol, "I think the national impact will be extraordinary. If we can win progressive tax reform in the bedrock heartland of the country, Ohio, with its diversity and its industrial base, then we really will have signaled the country that the taxpayers' revolt is a demand for progressive taxes. And that will be the clearest signal that's gone up since the lantern hung in Old North Church."

Such a signal—if indeed heard throughout the nation—would also have a direct impact on the current struggle at the heart of the Democratic Party. Should Ohio—and perhaps Illinois and Massachusetts as well—offer a reinterpretation of the tax revolt, liberal Democrats will again have some ground to stand on, some way to deliver tax relief to the hard-pressed middle and working classes without cutting back on spending for education, jobs, health, the cities, and the poor. They will have that ground, that is, *if* they are willing to slug it out with business. It's a big if, but as Jarvis and company have shown us, tax initiatives have a way of shaking things up—and quickly. ◉

David Osborne is a freelance writer living in New York.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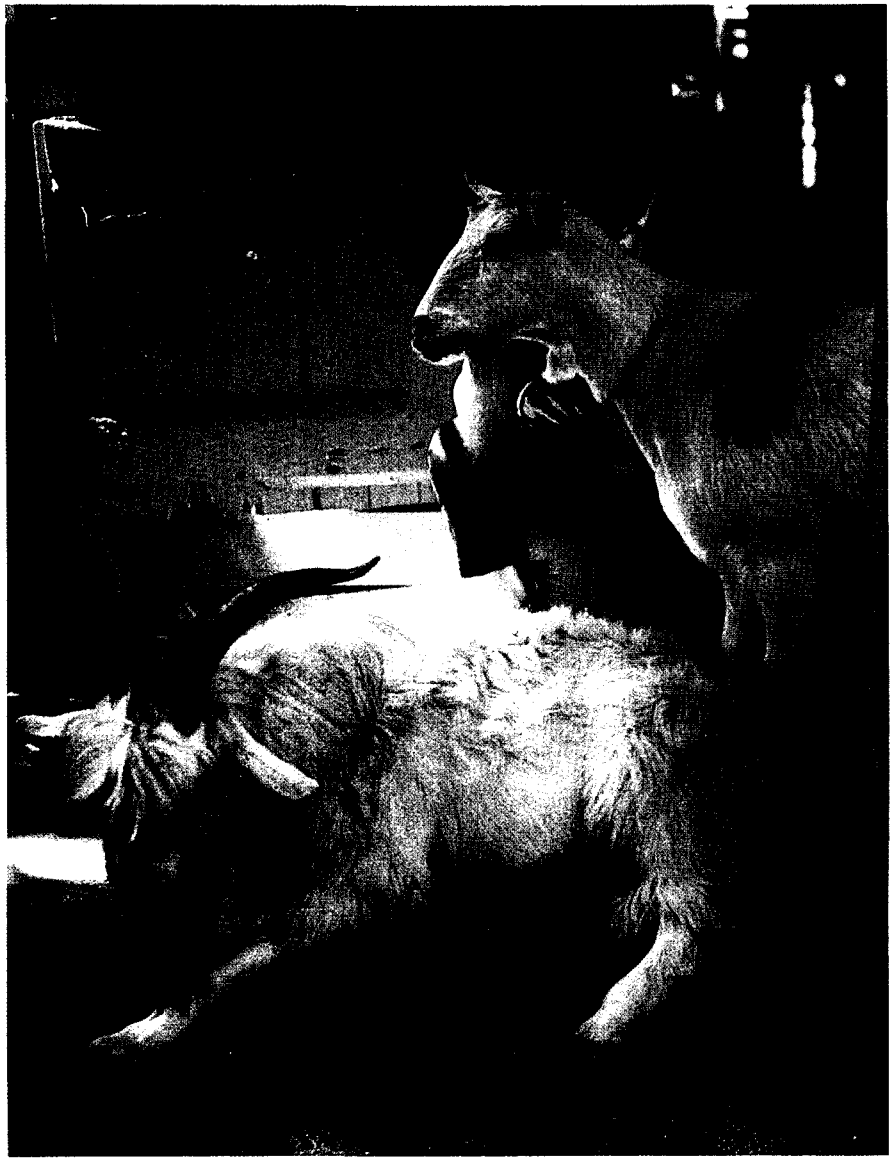
THE EIGHTIES
DECADE OF ANOTHER COLOR

by Owen Edwards

TO SAY THAT color in photography is growing into a significant trend these days is not entirely accurate. In fact, what is taking place is a rush, an astonishing, vigorous conversion to color both by young photographers who seem to see it as the natural mode to express their ideas, and by men and women with established reputations in black-and-white imagery. Nothing is yet sure in this remarkable shift, not even the supposition that it represents a durable movement. In what is as yet a diffuse phenomenon, imponderable factors have not yet fully come into play. The future behavior of artists and their audiences is no safer to predict than the stock market or TV ratings, human emotions being what they are. Nevertheless, at the moment I can't resist the prognosis that the most intriguing new developments in photography (take the unavoidable pun or leave it) during the decade just ahead will be accomplished with color.

As recently as the mid-70s, though color was beginning to attract attention to a handful of innovators, the scope of what is happening now could not have been predicted. Irving Penn once said that he thinks of great photography only in terms of black and white. There is considerable irony in the fact that this statement came from a man who has been one of the premier colorists of modern editorial photography, but Penn's is very much the view that has prevailed among serious photographers for many years.

Color has been regarded as an essential tool in commercial work, to be used as brilliantly as possible to sell shoes and beauty, but not as a means for artistic expression. Despite such early color print masterpieces as Steichen's "Flatiron Building," and the fact that



Marie Cosindas, "Henry, Alice and Plato," 1966.
From Color Photographs *(Little, Brown).*

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Joel Meyerowitz, "Provincetown, 1977."
From Cape Light *(New York Graphic Society).*

many photographers, from Alvarez Bravo to Louise Dahl-Wolfe, have produced wonderful and revolutionary color work, we all, like Penn, tend to think of black and white as the "real" photography. Color has long played the thankless role of ostentatious, mercantile, and much disdained slick stepsister.

The main reason for this view lies at the heart of photography. Except for a deprived minority, we see in color. When a picture of, say, a bowl of roses is presented in tones of gray, the flowers are not at all lifelike, but are automatically abstract. As the Impressionists and the Fauvists could have things any color they wished, making cornfields and starry nights and interiors their own creations by the exaggerations of their palettes, so photographers have long counted on the reduction of the spectrum to its most fictitious form to present such everyday wonders as roses in new and different ways. The familiar world, seen in black and white and deftly presented, becomes a realm in which shapes and relationships and surfaces take on subtly different meanings and unusual weights. One of the essential problems of photography has always been understanding how things will metamorphose when their color is eradicated on film—how that bishop in scarlet will all at once become secondary to the drab monsignor in black at his side.

In part, the long dominance of black and white in art photography is a result of the standard silver printing methods that produce it. Chemically fairly simple, the process allows the photographer to retain control of his vision from the click of the shutter to final print, rather than trusting his negatives to a commercial lab as the more complex color print processes have usually demanded. Ansel Adams has compared a negative to a musical score, and a print to a performance of that score. The majority of photographers want to be both composers and performers, and black-and-white film gives them both roles.

But taste, technology, and the marketplace have radically changed the estimation of color photography. The exponential growth of interest in photography has strip-mined mountains of history, of techniques, of visual themes, of life works. Though far from exhausted, black-and-white photography can easily seem tapped out, daunting, even boring, to young photographers. The sheaves of hallowed masterpieces alone can imply that by now everything has been thought of and brilliantly captured on film 10 times over. The time is ripe for a new challenge, and new color processes, both viable home enlargers and miraculous instant films, have brought the "performance" segment of color picture-making back home.

Of the photographers currently pursuing the promising grail of new color, perhaps the most influential are what might be called minimalists, or anti-colorists, who react against the kind of gaudy color often found in advertising, drugstore snapshots, and postcards—color Nabokov once nicely described as "grass-green sky-blue." Among others, Stephen Shore, William Eggleston, and Lee Rice ration out color in meager, cal-

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Joel Meyerowitz, "Provincetown, 1976." From Cape Light *(top).*
Leland Rice, Untitled, 1977 (bottom).
Courtesy of the Witkin Gallery.

culated portions, isolating bits and pieces of odd or dreamy hue against more or less monochromatic backgrounds. Eggleston searches for eccentric color—the crayon primaries of a farm truck in a dirt field, a bilious green shower stall, a garish red ceiling—while Rice cheats a bit by photographing the accidental beauty left over on artists' studio walls after the paintings have been removed. Shore, the most varied and searching of the minimalists, comes perilously close to color photography in its most everyday mode, trying to jog his offhand-looking scenes with one note—a yellow stop sign, or the tail end of a red car—that catches the eye and echoes in the mind. The danger the minimalists flirt with is that their pictures can become about color, and nothing else, something painters can get away with a lot better. When color matters more than the image in a photograph, the difference between art and a drugstore reject is not readily apparent; merely putting it on a gallery wall won't save it.

Quite literally on the opposite end of the spectrum are what might be called super-colorists. Rather than using color with tactical restraint, they lavish it on, presenting painterly visions our eyes are not ever likely to see. Joel Meyerowitz, perhaps the most singularly gifted of all the new colorists, makes seascapes of Cape Cod that rival in beauty the late work of Turner (well, almost) and in the same day's shooting will record fantastically patterned sheets blowing on a clothesline. Richard Misrach (whose work was discussed in the April 28 issue of *SR*) and Arthur Ollman both use variations of artificial light (strobes, streetlights) to make brooding night exposures filled with colors that seem to exist only for the patient eye of the camera. The lush palette of Polaroid processes, both large format and SX-70, has created its own specialists. Best known is Marie Cosindas, whose meticulous still lifes and portraits take advantage, sometimes nonsensically (as in a picture of Andy Warhol), of the romantic, nostalgic pastels of the instant film. Curiously, though Cosindas is part of the current reconsideration of color, her approach is traditional, her eye that of a portrait painter.

Each of the super-colorists veers dangerously close to mere prettiness—not a capital crime in my ideal state, but at least as alarming as chronic double parking. As a whole, however, their adherence to personal themes—summer

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dreams, midnight fantasies, and the like—make their work both more accessible and more pleasurable to an era ever more devoted to the senses.

Obviously, this is just a core sampling of the new wave of colorists. Others, working all over the country, are equally deserving of mention, as well as other approaches dissimilar in every way from both minimal and super-color (one manner, for instance, ribaldly embraces exactly that garish snapshot rainbow that gave color photography a bad name in the first place). The common bond that connects all the new work is the realization that photographic color is not by definition any closer to reality than black and white. It can be used in equally creative and provocative ways, and, because it more closely mimics the way we actually perceive the world, it can set off wonderful and profound tremors in the viewer's assured notion of things.

Of course, the marketplace remains a pivotal factor (see the following article). If the enthusiasm of photographers for color isn't profitably shared by publishers, galleries, and collectors at all levels, the color high will inevitably deflate. But the aesthetic urge is powerful, and color photography may well prove to be the breeder reactor that provides the essential energy to the visual arts for the next decade. ◉

Arthur Ollman, "The Bridge," 1978 (top).
Richard Misrach, "Hawaii XVII," 1978 (bottom).
Both prints courtesy of Grapestake Gallery.

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THE PERILS AND PLEASURES OF COLLECTING COLOR

by Nancy Stevens

I USED TO BE bored by color," says Lee Witkin of the prestigious Witkin Gallery in New York City, reminding us of the popular opinion in vogue only a few years ago. "But now I cry out for it. That new vision that everyone was hoping would come out of it seems to be here." Indeed, the new vision of today's younger generation of photographers has blossomed and even promises to be the medium's most important development of the decade.

Yet despite the excitement generated by recent gallery and museum exhibitions, one can detect signs of an underlying uneasiness and, in some instances, a noticeable defensiveness on the part of dealers who must represent their artists to a collector's market. The market is at best quiet, and at worst avoided by knowledgeable collectors. Caldecott Chubb—the representative for William Eggleston, a highly touted new colorist—admits that "color is a fugitive medium. If you want these pictures to last you have to store them carefully. But the issue of preservation is a false issue." The boom in the black-and-white photography market of the past five years has allowed photographers to take greater risks and expand their visions. But the color-print market is not aping the black-and-white market, and sales remain low because of a major and unavoidable obstacle—the dubious stability of the color print itself.

Until recently, the questions of color stability were largely overlooked by private collectors who purchased prints on the basis of the image alone. Some of them have been disappointed, others accepted the outcome, acknowledging that an initial investment of $200 afforded them five to 10 years of pleasure. But such collectors do not constitute a strong, growing market, and Lee

Marie Cosindas, "Memories."
From Color Photographs *(Little, Brown).*

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Witkin, whose gallery is always crowded with prospective buyers, is the first to admit that they are in no hurry to build serious color collections.

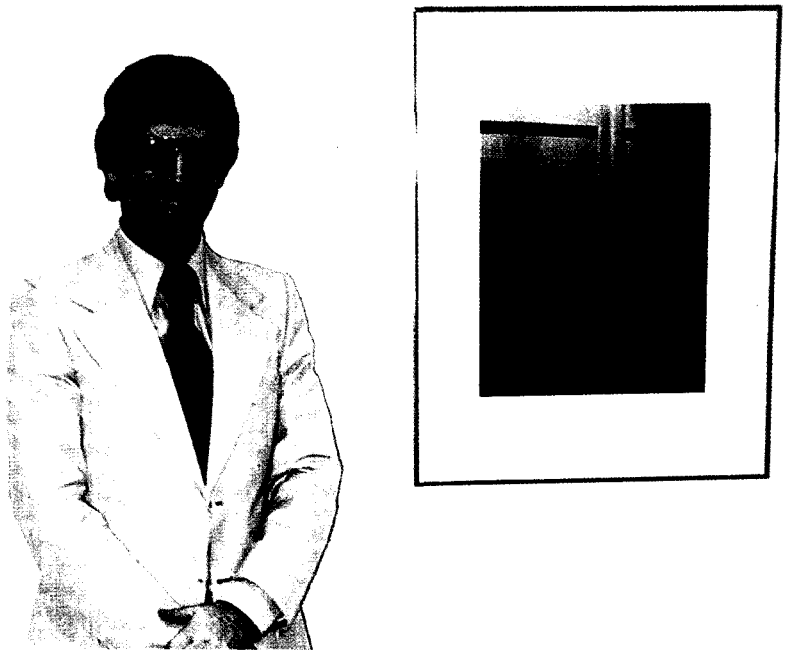
As with any object of great beauty, the prospect of a short life diminishes the collector's enthusiasm. While many dealers feel it is their responsibility to alert collectors to such possibilities, few have sufficient technical knowledge to elaborate on the extent of chromatic shifts and changes. Some have been known to claim that dye transfers, a complicated process involving multiple negative separations, would last "forever." When Marvin Heiferman of Castelli Graphics in New York sells a C-print, he automatically tells his customers to expect a loss of "10 percent chromatic value in six to 10 years." The Light Gallery in New York—which represents Stephen Shore, Benno Friedman, and Harry Callahan, among others—posts a disclaimer against the longevity of color prints sold at current prices. Such notices, of course, imply that the prints would last longer if they were more expensive, but in fact no stable process has been developed. The Witkin Gallery takes a different approach. "The collector understands the situation, so the final decision is up to him," explains Witkin. "The colors might shift, but the print will not disappear. The changes might even make the print more interesting." Witkin himself collects color photographs, favoring the work of Joel Meyerowitz, Bea Nettles, Deborah Hunter, Leland Rice, Jo Ann Callis, and others represented by his gallery. He is unconcerned about the possibilities of changes in a print, adding, "Life itself is so uncertain."

For Howard Daitz, a private dealer in New York who specializes in more esoteric photography-related materials, collecting color is "a hit or miss proposition." "I might spend $300 to $400 if a color print really grabbed me, but I wouldn't put a lot of money into it. I want to live with it and hang it on the wall. I wouldn't, however, push my luck; I'd stick it in a dark corner and be prepared for a short life." Daitz learned the hard way 10 years ago when he bought, for $200, a print by Edward Steichen that he'd seen at the Museum of Modern Art. Steichen tried to talk him out of it, but since the photograph, an image of a shadblow tree on the photographer's Connecticut estate, was part of a series depicting the changes of seasons, Daitz thought the print would lend itself to any minor chromatic alterations. Now, with the print in its current season of purple haze—not one of the four in Vivaldi's repertoire—Daitz calls the change "horrendous" and has placed it in a closet.

Even when kept from direct sunlight, color prints are affected by ultraviolet radiation, humidity changes, air pollutants, and temperature variations, among other factors. Henry Wilhelm, author with Dr. Klaus B. Hendriks of the forthcoming *Preservation of Contemporary Photographic Materials* (self-published), has tested the different color processes available, to aid collectors. His findings suggest that much work must be done in photographic chemistry before a satisfactory solution will present itself. Wilhelm can recommend only six processes—Cibachrome, Kodak Dye Transfer, Fuji Dyecolor Print, Fresson Quadrichromie, Polaroid Polacolor 1, and, tentatively, Polaroid SX-70. Of these six, three do not offer reasonable possibilities for the American photographer—Fuji Dyecolor prints are only made in Japan, the Fresson Quadrichromie process is a family secret carefully guarded in its French factory outside Paris, and the Polaroid Polacolor 1 process is now obsolete. He does not recommend either the Kodak C-print or the one-of-a-kind Kwik Print. Even his enthusiasm for the dye transfer is qualified. "They will almost certainly last more than 100 years with no significant change," writes Wilhelm, "if kept in the dark except for occasional viewing or short-term display."

Marco Misani, editor of the Swiss *Printletter*, recently surveyed an international group of collectors and curators who recognize the need to buy color; their opinions differed as dramatically as do their collections. Wilhelm Schürmann of the Galerie Schürmann & Kicken in Aachen recommended that museums and collectors "really should have a refrigerator to be sure of storing their prints properly." Historian Helmut Gernsheim warned, "Don't listen to twaddle," admitting that the question of color stability is a troublesome one, but adding, "I wish I could regard the stability of my health and the future of the world with as much confidence." Peter Bunnell of Princeton University noted that the information on the stability of different color processes seems at times contradictory. "In the end the choice must simply be placed on the image anyway," Bunnell writes. "Fundamentally, it is up to the artist to be aware of his material, and I hardly know of any other area where this question arises in making such purchases. I can't imagine making such a decision with regard to a Rauschenberg or a Warhol or even an early Picasso on such a basis."

While the debate continues, collectors might find a more encouraging, disinterested view from D.H. Lawrence, who on his fortieth birthday, to his mixed embarrassment and fascination, took up painting. Knowing full well that the world did not need another minor painter, Lawrence could not contain his delight at discovering the richness of paintings often overlooked as lesser masterpieces. "Pictures are strange things," he wrote. "Most of them die as sure as flowers die, and once dead, hang on the wall as stale as brown withered bouquets. The reasons lie in ourselves. When we buy a picture because we like it, then the picture responds fresh to some living feeling in us." Until such time as technology catches up with the galloping vision of the new colorists, we must ultimately give as much life to the photographs as they give to us. ◉



Lee Witkin, of the Witkin Gallery, with some "bankable" color by Leland Rice.

Nancy Stevens, associate editor at American Photographer, *has written extensively on photography.*

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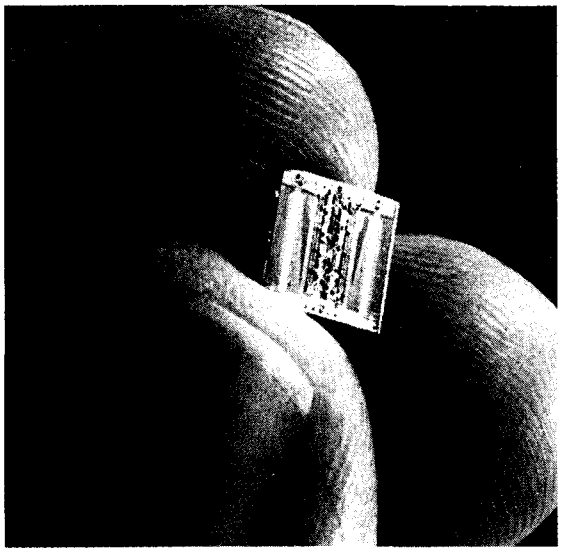

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Zubin Mehta, who made the new New York Philharmonic memorable.

For the Record

One of the major memories of the musical season just ending is the playing of the "new" New York Philharmonic under the direction of Zubin Mehta. The soulful string sound, warm woodwinds, resonant percussion that made it "new" are present in this happily harmonious collaboration of Mehta, violinist Isaac Stern, and that good third man in any trio, Johannes Brahms, in his D major Concerto (Columbia). Treasurable.

Super prodigy Anne-Sophie Mutter.

Nobody today can say exactly how Yehudi Menuhin sounded in his mid-teens in a concerto because he didn't record one until his late teens. But Anne-Sophie Mutter's recordings (Deutsche Grammophon), made at age 15 in 1978, of Mozart's Concertos Nos. 3 in G (K.216) and 5 in A (K.219), will endure forever as evidences of the most phenomenally fluent and feelingful violin-playing to come from a super-prodigy in decades.

Mutter's performance impels Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic to produce, as collaborators, some of the self-discovery she conveys.

●

Under the astute Martin Williams, the Smithsonian Institution has written a major chapter in jazz lore with its reissues, in vastly updated sound, of past classics. Now it has added to the creative side with versions of "King Porter Stomp," "Wolverine Blues," and other landmark jazz pieces of the famed Jelly Roll Morton, as performed in D.C. last year by such learned masters as Dick Hyman, piano; Warren Vache, Jr., trumpet; Jack Gale, trombone; and, above all, Bob Wilbur, the "sound-alike" for Sidney Bechet, on clarinet. For details write to the Smithsonian Collection, Suite 2100, Amtrak Building, Washington, D.C. 20560.

Carroll had as much fun illustrating as writing his letters.

Pen Pal

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson once calculated that a letter he spent an hour writing took only three minutes to read. Fortunately, Dodgson—who we, of course, know as Lewis Carroll—didn't let this sad fact discourage him. Penning and receiving almost 100,000 missives in the last 37 years of his life, he was one of our most prolific letter-writers.

Until the publication of *The Letters of Lewis Carroll*, edited by Morton N. Cohen with Roger L. Green (Oxford University Press), however, surprisingly little of his correspondence has been available. Cohen and Green have chosen nearly 1,400 of Carroll's letters to friends, family, lovers, business associates, and the children whose friendship Carroll so ardently sought. The selection could almost serve as autobiography; Carroll gave himself completely to whatever project was at hand—whether letter-writing, feeding and clothing a needy family, or writing a treatise on mathematics and logic. His letters reveal the shy scholar, fanciful creator of Alice and company, deeply religious clergyman, generous friend.

Kathleen Freeman as Dutch apple, Beulah Quo as Chinese orange.

Local Produce

A production of Melville's *Bartleby the Scrivener* aired on PBS last year came as somewhat of a surprise to unsuspecting viewers and critics. Who would have thought that a regional theater company (Center Stage) and a local television station (Maryland Center for Public Broadcasting) could come up with such a *professional* production?

But they did, and on May 29 PBS is going to broadcast another of their efforts. In *An Apple, An Orange*, author Diane Johnson limns the too-fragile relationship of the aggressive, independent Rosie Vedder and the retiring, seemingly helpless Anna Lim. Johnson (whose recent novel, *Lying Low*, is a National Book Awards nominee) solved one problem that the producers of *Bartleby* must have struggled with; she was able to write the adaptation of her story herself.

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Parting Shots

A Century of Commencement Speeches

NINETEEN SEVENTY-NINE is bound to be a bad year for commencement speeches. Most of the really noble specimens were delivered during, or immediately before or after, a crisis of such great proportions as to apparently require an entirely new fashion of thinking—the two world wars, the Depression, the McCarthy era, the campus free-for-all of the late Sixties. The orator casts himself in the role of intellectual giant-killer, whacking away at a terrible and imminent threat. An air of urgency thus pervades the finest addresses, as if the speaker were trying to jolt his audience out of its June languor as well as the heedlessness of youth.

Ours, alas, is a time of low dudgeon; despite the steady creep of inflation and the scarifying spectacle of an energy crisis, the sense of peril simply is not in the air. Neither is the sense of great tasks. Unless the Ayatollah decides to wage a holy war on New York, or something of that order, we simply can't expect much drama in the shaded quadrangles.

One venerable relic, the Ode to Youth speech, will be delivered only at junior colleges and the military academies (where it will mingle with the Soviet Threat). This withered chestnut, once favored by business executives, secretaries of the Treasury, and other successful types, generally opened with the proud admission that the speaker had worked at a laundry during his college days. The somber gentleman detailed how his own generation had so flattened out the rough spots in life's terrain as to make the future a glorious one indeed (but watch out for complacency). Finally, and none too soon, he concluded with a stirring peroration exhorting the young recipient of mortarboard and sheepskin to blaze a trail for himself, fear nothing, especially fear itself, and, in any case, leave the world a better place than he found it. The advent of the ironic sensibility has pretty much wiped out this convention, thank Garp.

But of course there will be a favorite theme; every year has to have one. This spring the sometime Ciceronian can be expected to whip up some pretty heavy weather over the cult of the personality. Be he William Kunstler or Governor DuPont, he'll worry over the popularity of *Self* magazine, Werner Erhard, *Looking Out for Number One*, rolfing, and, as his trump card, cults. The speaker will probably opine that a profound despair and an aimless yearning lie beneath the apparent smugness of today's egocentric generation. He will supply a great deal more wisdom in that dour vein, all of which he himself drowsed through a quarter of a century before, but has since learned publicly to cherish and privately to ignore.

The class of '79 will probably sleep as soundly as the class of '49, and bring away nothing more memorable than sunstroke. A lucky few of them, however, may hear something as splendid and rare as the excerpts which we print below. In these passages, scattered over the last century, the outline of a time and mood is preserved in a rich oratorical amber. We reprint them here not only to provide a collage of a century's preoccupations, but to shame this year's speakers out of their dreary platitudes and fill their ears with the possibility of glory. **—James Traub**

1880—Smith College

D.C. Gilman, *president of Johns Hopkins University*

I am glad to believe that there are some points respecting the education of women which may be considered as settled in this age of Victoria. Nobody now questions,

1. Whether the male or the female mind is superior;
2. Whether women are to be allowed to have college education;
3. Whether women can earn their livelihood by congenial intellectual pursuits;
4. Whether women may control their own acquisitions; and finally, allow me to add,
5. Whether women are to assume the duties of men before men assume the duties of women.

The one question now most debated is this, What is the best education for women, and how shall that education be secured; or in other words what shall our daughters study...?

To help in the maintenance of a good home is a privilege which most persons would not give up if they could, a duty they cannot give up if they would. If a lady seeks a sphere beyond the radius of her own fireside, there are now many opportunities, and there will be many more, for her to help the needy, the ignorant, and the sick, in asylums, schools, and hospitals. In either case, the knowledge which I first advise her to acquire, is that of food, air, water, clothing, light, warmth, exercise, accidents, emergencies, sickness—something less than the ample knowledge which comes from the concentration of all one's thoughts upon the subject of hygiene—something more than the traditional and empirical knowledge which is orally perpetuated....

1905—Harvard University

Theodore Roosevelt, *president*

Now I shall not be suspected of a tendency unduly to minimize the importance of sport. I believe heartily in sport....I have no sympathy whatever with the overwrought sentimentality which would keep a young man in cotton wool, and I have a hearty contempt for him if he counts a broken arm or collar bone as of serious consequence, when balanced against the chance of showing that he possesses hardihood, physical address, and courage. But when these injuries are inflicted by others, either wantonly or of set design, we are confronted by the question, not of damage to one man's body, but of damage to the other man's character. Brutality in playing a game should awaken the heartiest and most plainly shown contempt for the player guilty of it; especially if this brutality is coupled with a low cunning in committing it without getting caught by the umpire. I hope to see both graduate and undergraduate opinion come to scorn such a man as one guilty of base and

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dishonorable action, who has no place in the regard of gallant and upright men....

1922—Wellesley College

Raymond Fosdick, *author and president of the Rockefeller Foundation*

Science has multiplied man's physical powers ten-thousandfold and in like ratio has increased his capacity both for construction and destruction. How is that capacity to be used in the future? How can we hold in check the increasing physical power of disruptive influences? Have we spiritual assets enough to counterbalance the new forces? How can we breed a greater average intelligence? Can education run fast enough, not only to overcome the lead which science has obtained, but to keep abreast in the race?...No intelligent person in my generation—if for a moment I may associate myself with the elder statesmen—pretends to know....

The tragedy of it all is that ... we thought we knew the answers to the riddles that this modern life of ours was propounding. Up until 1914 most of us were fairly confident of the result, fairly easy about the future. We talked glibly of the direction and goal of human evolution, and of the bright prospects of the race. But now we know that we did not know. We were misled by superficial hopes, blinded by false assumptions. Those four years of slaughter, and those added four years of chaos and misery that have followed since the Armistice, have given us a perspective we did not have before. We see now the abyss upon the edge of which the race is standing. We see the inevitable doom that lies ahead unless we can achieve a measure of social control far greater than any which we have hitherto exercised. Bewildered and disillusioned, my generation turns to yours—and upon your shoulders falls the weary weight of all this unintelligible world....

1931—University of Chicago

Robert Hutchins

president, University of Chicago

Hutchins begins by citing Francis Bacon's utopian tract, New Atlantis, *in which broadly disseminated knowledge creates an ideal state.*

To him that country was Utopia, a land of dreams to which we could never attain, a land too good to be true. He was wrong. The New Atlantis did come true. We are living in it. We have more information, more means of getting more information, more means of distributing information, and more practical applications of the information we have than Francis Bacon in his wildest imaginings could have predicted....

Now the New Atlantis was an ideal state. Do you feel as though you were living in one? The economic crisis, which you will shortly experience, is unprecedented in its scope and consequences. People are dying in equal misery in China and Chicago. Millions of men and women at this moment are hungry, homeless, and ill-clad. The same streets they roam mournful and disconsolate are filled with the things they need. They cannot buy them, and their owners are going bankrupt because they cannot sell them....I find no mention of these things in the collected works of Francis Bacon....

The world that we have created is too much for us. We cannot tell who or what is responsible for anything. The machinery we have invented produces results we did not foresee and cannot avoid. The industrial organization that has developed carries us along we do not know whither; we do not know why....The intelligence of the race has failed before the problems the race has raised.

What is wrong in the New Atlantis? To Bacon it was the ideal community. But we who have achieved this ideal and more must confess that something is missing in Utopia. It is ideas. We see now that facts are not enough. Facts are essential. They must be the basis of ideas. But it is not through facts but through ideas that Utopia will be achieved....

1940—Smith College

W.H. Auden, *poet and Professor of Poetry at Oxford*

We are rightly shocked when we hear the fellow countrymen of Goethe and Dante and Cervantes make remarks like: "When I hear the word culture, I feel for my revolver," or "Death to intelligence!" But we do not realize that when we say, "I can't be expected to behave well. I had an unhappy childhood," or, "I can't be expected to work hard. I come from an oppressed class"(or a decaying class); when we that are writers think that only emotive associations matter and that grammar hinders our originality and self-expression; whenever we treat personal relations as a kind of sleepwalker's journey from one bed to the next, we are every whit as much the enemies of democracy as those who speak of German science or Fascist justice....

All freedom implies necessity, that is to say, suffering. The only suffering that can be avoided is the terror of running away from it. If you will forgive my saying so, I think if America has a national vice it is thinking suffering vulgar and purely negative.

There can be no democracy unless each of us accepts the fact that in the last analysis we live our lives alone. Alone

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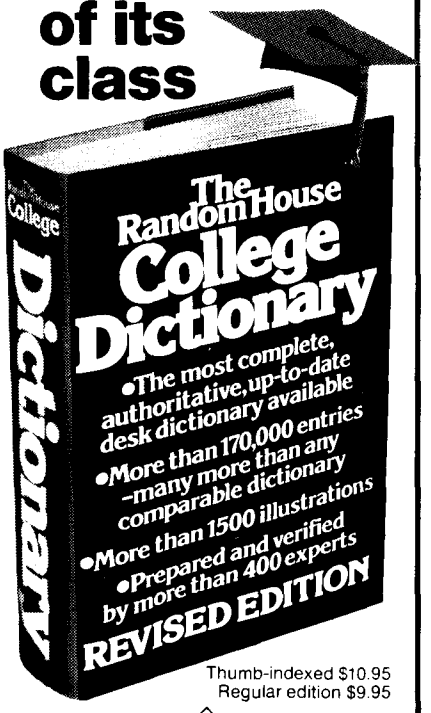
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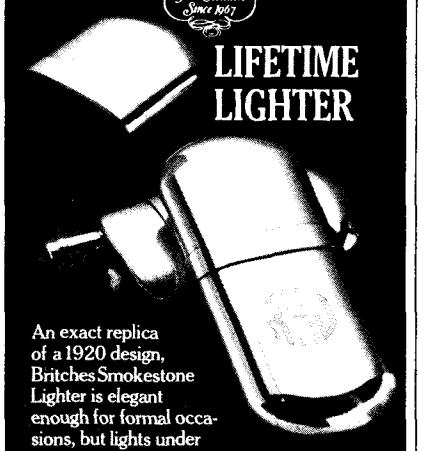

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'A university is not a service station. Neither is it a political society nor a meeting place for political societies. With all its limitations and failures... it is the best and most benign side of our society insofar as that society aims to cherish the human mind....'

we choose, alone we are responsible. So many people try to forget their aloneness, and break their heads and hearts against it. To use a simile of Kierkegaard's, "Only those who accept their aloneness can be substantives or verbs: Those who reject it remain merely adjectives, conjunctions, adverbs...."

1951—Wellesley College
Archibald Macleish
Boylston Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric at Harvard

Once you permit those who are convinced of their own superior rightness to censor and silence and suppress those who hold contrary opinions, just at that moment the citadel has been surrendered. For the American citadel is a man. Not man in general. Not man in the abstract. Not the majority of men. But man. THAT man. HIS worth. HIS uniqueness....

Nothing in our history suggests that our confidence in the capacity of the people to do their thinking for themselves ...has been misplaced. Certainly, nothing, in the record of the last two years of shameful and terrified talk about security of opinions, security of thoughts, has provided the slightest reason to believe that any committee, any functionary, any supervisory institution or body whatever, would do the people's thinking better....

No, the American proposition is not on the defensive....For the proposition that a man is free to find the truth for himself is the one proposition which can triumph over the police-state dogma that the Truth is known and that the Truth is therefore entitled to impose itself by force. It is the one proposition which can triumph because, as long as we hold it in this country, man is himself our cause. And against that cause no enemy can prevail for long.

1954—Hamilton College
Edward R. Murrow
Radio and television journalist

I shall be conscious during these next few minutes of the experience of a visiting bishop at Yale who took for his text the four letters Y A L E, and he held forth for 10 minutes on Y for Youth and the audience was unimpressed. Nothing daunted, he carried on seven minutes and eight seconds on A for Ambition—by which time he had lost the entire audience. But being a courageous and determined man, he went on for four minutes and 10 seconds on L for Loyalty, by which time the audience was about to break up. But he finished on E for Energy with a rousing peroration of three minutes and 10 seconds. When he finished, the choir filed down the center aisle. The visiting bishop followed, and in a rearmost pew he found a student, still on bended knee. And when the student rose, the visiting bishop said "Young man, perhaps you would be good enough to tell me what it was I said that moved you so deeply," and the young man said, "Yes, of course. I was just offering a small thanks that I go to Yale rather than to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

1968—Columbia University
Richard Hofstadter
DeWitt Clinton Professor of American History at Columbia

The delicate thing about the university is that it has a mixed character, that it is suspended between its position in the external world, with all its corruption and evils and cruelties, and the splendid world of our imagination. The university does in fact perform certain mundane services of instruction and information to society—and there are those who think it should aspire to nothing more. It does in fact constitute a kind of free forum—and there are those who want to convert it primarily into a center of political action. But above these aspects of its existence stands its essential character as a center of free inquiry and criticism—a thing not to be sacrificed for anything else. A university is not a service station. Neither is it a political society, nor a meeting place for political societies. With all its limitations and failures, and they are invariably many, it is the best and most benign side of our society insofar as that society aims to cherish the human mind....There is no group of professors or administrators, of alumni or students, there is no class or interest in our society that should consider itself exempt from exercising the self-restraint or displaying the generosity that is necessary for the university's support....

...To imagine that the best way to change a social order is to start by assaulting its most accessible centers of thought and study and criticism is not only to show a complete disregard for the intrinsic character of the university but also to develop a curiously self-destructive strategy for social change. If an attempt is made to politicize completely our primary centers of free argument and inquiry, they will only in the end be forced to lose their character and be reduced to centers of vocational training, nothing more. Total and pure neutrality for the university is in fact impossible, but neutrality should continue to define our aim, and we should resist the demand that the university espouse the political commitments of any of its members....

1975—Harvard University
Archibald Cox
Watergate Special Prosecutor and Professor of Law at Harvard

We have assigned a new and larger role to the political system. It was never the human lot that every man or woman may have at once all he or she desires, even though what each desires may, viewed by itself, be wholly commendable. Once the inescapable adjustments were left largely to individual prowess, to the vagaries of nature, and to supposedly impersonal economic forces. Now, because of the revolutionary decision taken in the 1930s, very many more of the adjustments are mediated through government. Government has become the forum in which men and women, business corporations and other organized groups contend for their own interests with all the selfishness and ambition, and sometimes the ruthlessness and deceit, that once characterized the market....The weak are sometimes faithless to the trust reposed in them.

Would you transfer the power back? Would men be nobler, more honest, or less avaricious in the markets than in political forums? For my part I have no expectation of seeing the millennium either way, but having no greater trust in unregulated economic power than in the armed bands which dominated society before the State achieved its monopoly of force, I can see some gain in putting the contest in a forum which is relatively open to public scrutiny, where voices somewhat less interested and charged with the general view may exercise some influence, and where every now and then something lifts the public spirit to meet a great occasion.... ◉

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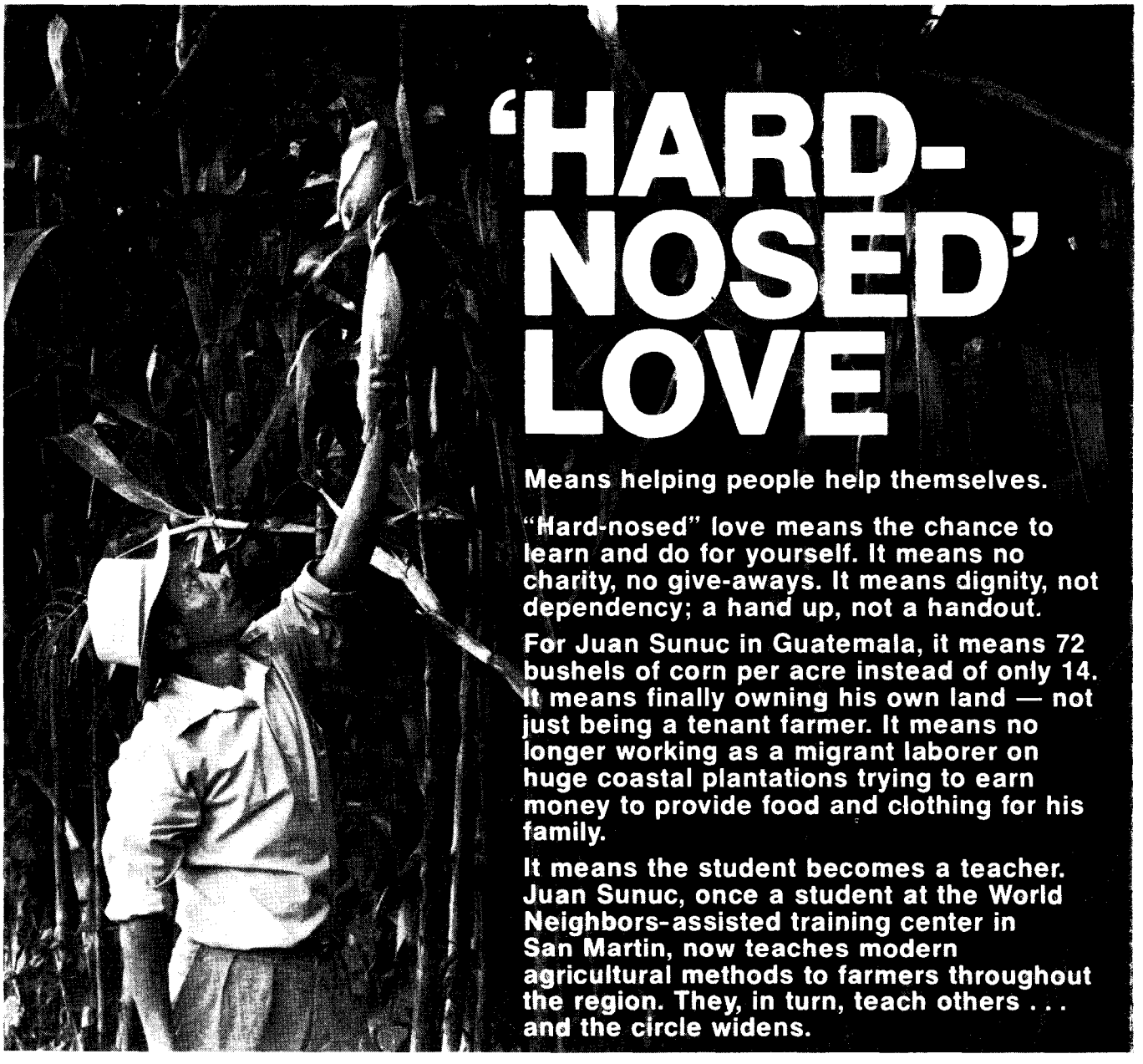

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The French Try a Musical

MUSICALS ARE our most intimidating cultural export. Though some of us would rather America were envied for its literature or drama or classical music, it is our musicals that the world holds in awe. For the most part, only the British have the nerve to attempt their own, and none too successfully at that.

The dear French cannot make such a sacrifice of ego. If they can't do something well, then it must not be worth doing. So the French don't even like movie versions of American musicals. And woe to the Frenchman who tries to write his *own* musical comedy.

The musical comedy *La Fugue* was up against all this when it premiered in Paris this past March. The opening night was gala, a black-tie crowd presided over by the first lady, Mme. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and Princess Grace of Monaco. The audience performed as if rehearsed, its interest minimal, its mood somber when wakeful. Carpet cleanings have been attended with greater enthusiasm. A French musical comedy indeed.

But *La Fugue* is French. You don't need a program to know that. The libretto (by Francis Lacombrade and Bernard Broca) is a philosophical, absurdist science fiction along the line of such Alain Resnais movies as *Last Year at Marienbad*. Set in a grand hotel, *La Fugue* covers a span of several hundred years, with the characters drifting through time.

The story begins in the 19th century. Three American sisters have come to Europe in search of the perfect man. The hotel they're staying at has an acoustic problem: The guests can't quite hear each other (mind your symbols now). The acoustician, Harold, is a charming, middle-aged man. Is he the perfect suitor for one of the Americans? Or is it, rather, his son David, less sophisticated but also less jaded?

The locations change. We move to an 1880 *casino thermal*, or spa. Then to David's apartment in Tomorrowville, where it's 1930; then on to the 21st century, and finally to 1980 and the grand hotel again. Ultimately, the acoustic problem has been solved by placing a Russian singer named Olga in the lobby. In her fur coat. Is this book French or isn't it?

Mind you, I've provided only the bare plot. There is no internal logic; the show

La Fugue—*Fabulous as any Broadway show.*

itself doesn't seem to know what's going on. But that doesn't always matter. A current international theater movement is based on brilliant staging; words, dialogue, and point are made subsidiary to showmanship. America's Robert Wilson and Berlin's Peter Stein are pioneers in this movement. Broadway's Harold Prince is making it professional and accessible, even big at the box office, in such productions as *Evita* in London and *Sweeney Todd* in New York. Jean-Claude Brialy's staging of *La Fugue* is influenced by these people, and much of his work is spectacular, especially when he stops directing the libretto and gets on with the show. Then his musical becomes as vivid and fabulous as any I've ever seen.

Staged by Brialy and designed by Pier-Luigi Pizzi, *La Fugue* makes its audience forget the theater's physical limits; the need for winches and turntables and stagehands; the weight and bulk of scenery. We accept fantastic pictures. The Act I grand hotel has a deep and soaring lobby of gilt and marble and a giant, grand staircase—perfect for the libretto's setting in a baroque yet surreal past.

The apartment building in Tomorrowville has three levels of cubicles, all faced with mirroring that becomes transparent when lights go up behind. Such image-making and the show's music are what make *La Fugue* worth rescuing from the libretto (as well as from the French audiences and critics).

The music is by, of all people, Alexis Weissenberg. Though Mr. Weissenberg is an internationally acclaimed concert pianist, he is unknown as a composer of musical-comedy scores. He has written a large, diverse, and very engaging score, musicianly and yet of raffish charm. One would have expected him to know the rules of composing, to be academically correct. One would not have expected so much vivacity and melody. The dance music and 22 songs—chansons, jazz tunes, cabaret numbers, Charlestons—are connected in a rich, grinding fugue that symbolizes the show by weaving the various themes together in an urgent, muscular counterpoint.

This score is performed under an absurd handicap: The orchestral accompaniment is *recorded*. It is played on tape while the songs are sung live. Economy was given as the reason, but nobody seems to have understood how devastating this decision would prove. For all the cleverness of sound engineers, there is no way to balance the sound quality of live singers with that of a recorded orchestra. The combination is off-putting and sterilizing; it stifles a show's life. That a $600,000 production (expensive by French theatrical standards, if not ours) should be performed this way is ridiculous. The orchestra rather than the hotel lobby was the acoustic problem in *La Fugue*.

The choreography by Matt Mattox (a Broadway expatriate) is a series of jazz-dancing clichés, inadequately rehearsed. It embarrasses the richness of the staging and composing.

But *La Fugue's* best aspects—the music and the physical staging—are confident. They demonstrate that powerful musical theater can be made away from America; that the musical theater is rich enough to inspire diverse approaches. Broadway may have invented musicals, but perhaps it's time to let the child take its place in world theater.

—Martin Gottfried

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California Syndromes

IN THE BEGINNING," wrote Locke, "all the world was America." In the end, one sometimes feels, all the world will be California. The technological landscape dwarfs the characters in *The China Syndrome* (Columbia) almost as much as the natural landscape did the characters in *Days of Heaven*. Everything in this new film is governed by the electronic wizardry of central control rooms, whether in a television studio or in a nuclear power plant.

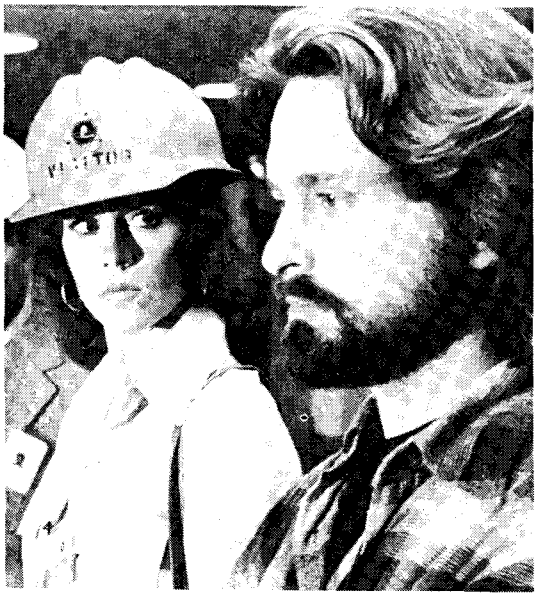
The China Syndrome is a sharp political thriller somewhat in the manner of Costa-Gavras. Jane Fonda is in it, so one must expect (a) a politically progressive theme; (b) a due appreciation of the requirements of commercial movie-making; (c) a bravura personal performance in one more rendition of the always striking (at least as she does it) role of a young woman confronted by life with harsh and transforming choices.

This time Fonda plays an aspiring performer on the six o'clock news who wants to move on from covering a tiger's birthday at the zoo to serious investigative reporting. Her ambition intersects with the appalled realization of a middle-aged engineer that the nuclear power plant in which he devotedly works is likely to blow up. The "China Syndrome" is a term used to describe what would happen if the "core" of a nuclear plant were exposed and unleashed radiation threatened to bore its way through the earth to China.

This is a first-rate thriller, fast off the mark and gripping to the roar down the home stretch. James Bridges has directed with an expert eye for pace and suspense. Fonda gives her role a rueful, almost satiric edge, and she is splendidly surrounded by Jack Lemmon as the distraught nuclear engineer, by Michael Douglas as a new-left cameraman, and by a fine troupe of supporting players. The screenplay crisply reproduces the technical patter of the control rooms and effortlessly sustains the technological motif from the beginning to the end.

The China Syndrome has greatly agitated the energy industry. I cannot judge whether it exaggerates the hazards of nuclear power, though recent developments at Three Mile Island, Pennsylvania, suggest that the dangers are not altogether imaginary. In any event, a melodrama is not a documentary, and the notion that nuclear power is risky and corporations are greedy seems a perfectly reasonable proposition on which to base a thriller. Let the energy industry calm down.

Heflin, half of the perfect couple.



Fonda as cub reporter, Douglas as moral cameraman.

While *The China Syndrome* displays California as technology, *A Perfect Couple* (20th Century-Fox) displays it as culture. This film is Robert Altman's fourteenth in nine years—not an unusual record for studio contract production in the 1930s but exceptional in a time when every new film is a package of its own. *A Perfect Couple* is an essay in the lonely-crowd-in-the-nowhere-city genre. It is, for Altman, a minor work. Nonetheless, it is a reassuring one.

In his last two movies Altman seemed to abandon himself to unrelieved and derisive cynicism. In *A Wedding* he massacred the American family, and in *Quintet* he condemned the entire human race to extinction. Perhaps he now feels that he has reached the limits of misanthropy. *A Perfect Couple* is a gentle, if rather feckless, film, filled with human sweetness and sympathy and marked by Altman's capacity for exact and idiosyncratic observation.

Technology controls here too, especially in the form of a dating service where clients inspect each other on videotape cassettes. The middle-aged son of a severely authoritarian Greek family has a secret date with a wistful young rock singer. Despite misunderstandings and vicissitudes, romance develops, the girl's rock group filling the background with melancholy songs.

The life of the patriarchal family is chillingly rendered; underneath the casual talk and relationships, the rock group has its inner disciplines too. Altman's *cinema-verité* approach to dialogue is clicking again. There are one or two quite funny scenes (for instance, the segment in a motel bedroom with the group on tour), one or two quite moving scenes, and a pervading poignancy when the two principals reach out awkwardly for each other.

Much of the film's success comes from the two lead performances. Paul Dooley plays the Greek suitor with great dignity and charm, and Marta Heflin, with her large sad eyes and her stiff, shy figure, is touching as the rock singer. In a generally fine cast Belita Moreno makes an especially vivid impression as the hero's sister, and Ann Ryerson is delicious as a second girl generated by the dating service.

No, Dooley and Heflin are not the perfect couple, at least at first. There *is* a perfect couple, straight out of TV commercials, who open the movie, reappear mysteriously at critical moments, and then turn out to have lapsed into imperfection at the end. By that time, Dooley and Heflin have become the perfect couple. In the only hint of his recent cynicism, Altman is perhaps signaling that this perfection will lapse too.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

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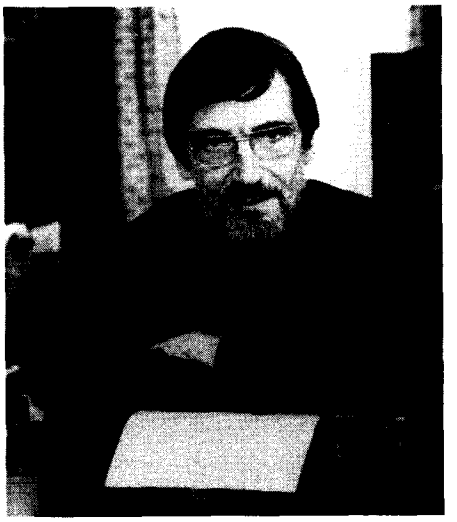

Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and has served on the board of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

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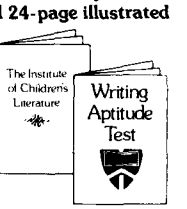

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Lucky Legend

by Webster Schott

A Streak of Luck: The Life and Legend of Thomas Alva Edison
by Robert Conot
Seaview/Simon & Schuster
479 pp., $15.95

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Thomas Edison, man of a thousand patents, was a quiet, softspoken egomaniac.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON was a man of a thousand patents and almost as many myths. His inventions were such marvels of science and technology—and so far beyond the understanding of his countrymen—that surely no human being of ordinary flesh and blood could have conceived them. Legend begins when reason runs dry and imagination keeps searching.

Sarah Bernhardt addressed him as "the giver of light." At the Universal Exposition in 1889, Alexandre Eiffel invited him to lunch at the top of his tower, and Charles Gounod entertained them both at the piano afterwards. The king of Italy dispatched a special envoy to Paris to make Edison a count. He took a side trip to Heidelberg, and 1,200 members of the German Association for the Advancement of Science turned out for a dinner party in his honor. When Edison was introduced to Wilhelm II, the Kaiser asked for his photograph.

From around 1880 to 1905, Edison was the most famous American alive and possibly the best-known man in the civilized world. He was treated like a national asset. Universities lined up to give him honorary degrees. Henry Ford lent him $750,000 and wrote the loan off. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 some 60,000 school children paraded before him in the Court of the Universe, and at night the Hearst Building put up an outline of his face in lights. A man in North Carolina bet that a letter with nothing more than a picture of Edison on the envelope would be delivered to the wizard of electricity at his laboratory in Menlo Park, New Jersey. He won the bet. Congress gave Edison a gold medal. In Edison's own lifetime his birthplace became a shrine and his laboratory was taken to a museum. His career was offered as a model to all the backward and unwashed schoolboys of the nation. Newspapers called him the Man of the Century.

The apotheosis of Thomas Edison—he stopped being plain old "Al" and became "Thomas" at the hands of his social-climbing second wife—suited him just fine. He was a quiet, soft-spoken egomaniac. Well known at 25 and famous at 30, Edison urged the process on with his funny yarns, startling pronouncements, and stupendous discoveries. Reporters loved him, and fame begat more fame. Eventually he had a couple of sidekicks

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write his official biography to plant the legends still deeper. After all, he had earned glory, hadn't he? He was inventor to the world. He had changed the ways of human life.

Edison invented the incandescent light bulb and devised the electric power and delivery systems—giant dynamos, insulated wires, relays, switches, sockets—that made electric illumination practical. He made his first light bulb in 1878. By 1902 there were 18 million of them in operation. Edison's work on the telephone rivaled Alexander Graham Bell's; Edison's carbon-button transmitter, which is still in use today, made the telephone work. Edison built one of the first X-ray machines in the U.S. He invented the mimeograph, the phonograph, the printer for the stock-market ticker tape, and the alkaline storage battery. He devised the first functioning motion picture and established the world's first movie studio at Menlo Park. (*The Great Train Robbery* was filmed there.) Edison conceived the electric locomotive, the autogiro, the electric typewriter, the guided torpedo, the concrete house, synthetic rubber, and the electromagnetic separation of ore. The list goes on and on. No other inventor has ever approached Edison in the number of patents issued to him singly or jointly. The total was 1,093. No one else has invented in as many fields, around 20, and probably no one will. Specialization has taken over technology, partly as a result of Edison's discoveries.

Behind the Edison wonders was a miracle man of marvelous extremes. Or so the myths had it: country bumpkin and boy genius, indefatigable visionary and absent-minded electrician, master organizer and single-minded inventor, naïve businessman and sophisticated scientist, village atheist and Santa Claus personality.

With little formal education—four years of grade school—and the cultural resources of a truck-farming family in Milan, Ohio, Edison pursued and made real the American dream of wealth and fame through the betterment of mankind. An achievement as great as Edison's required heroism, romance, a mythology on an equal scale. The legends ranged from the brilliant little Alva who hawked newspapers on the train from Port Huron, Michigan, to Detroit because his father was a poor provider (*Encyclopedia Britannica*) to the 82-year-old Edison who put in 16 hours a day at his test tubes (in *USA* by John Dos Passos). In fact, Edison went to work at 12 because in 1859 most males his age did. His curiosity was insatiable, but he was a lousy student. "Teachers told us to keep him in the street," his father said, "for he would never make a scholar." In fact, at 82 Edison was a physical wreck; it had been 30 years since he had come up with anything significant. He slept more than he worked, lived on a crazy diet, and sat dozing in his laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey, with the windows closed and the shades drawn in midsummer. The man was done.

The truth, of course, is more full of wonder than all the fictions. The myths and legends bear an outline relationship to what Edison's character and personality were like, and how he accomplished his extraordinary feats. But the fullness of Edison has been hidden in the shadow of the titan, and the lore has been of limited service in explaining what made Edison tick. Why no one until Robert Conot has told the real Thomas Alva Edison to stand up is hard to guess. Perhaps the task has appeared too difficult and the rewards too small. We only enjoy seeing our folk heroes disrobed if they have climbed into bed with someone strange. (Edison was strictly a family man, although the family saw little of him. Women frightened him. He had been sensitized by his mother.) Furthermore, there was a formidable standard work by an author of repute: Matthew Josephson's breathless *Edison* of 1959. Josephson calls Edison "a sort of latter-day Prometheus" and wants us to know that "it was with a good instinct that our people made the former trainboy one of their greatest folk heroes."

Robert Conot bumped into Edison the way Edison invented. One thing led to another. As historian for the Kerner Commission he went to Detroit. He then wrote a history of the city (*American Odyssey*), which included Edison, who had spent much of his youth there. (Typically, legendary biographers tell us Edison read the entire Detroit public library. Edison's notebooks say he gave up after 10 volumes. He got bored.)

Undertaking a life of Edison as no one has before, Conot became the first researcher to read the family correspondence held by the Charles Edison Fund and the only biographer to examine the complete Edison archives maintained by the federal government at West Orange. "The Edison that I discovered," he says, "was a lusty, crusty, hard-driving, opportunistic, and occasionally ruthless Midwesterner, whose Bunyanesque ambition for wealth was repeatedly subverted by his passion for invention. He was complex and contradictory, an ingenious electrician, chemist, and promoter, but a bumbling engineer and businessman. The stories of his inventions emerge out of the laboratory records as sagas of audacity, perspicacity, and luck bearing only a general resemblance to the legendary accounts of the past.... The Edison of popular repute was a person enveloped in a cocoon of myth."

As cool reason would expect, the real Edison, the gifted and flawed Edison of Conot's *A Streak of Luck*, is much like you

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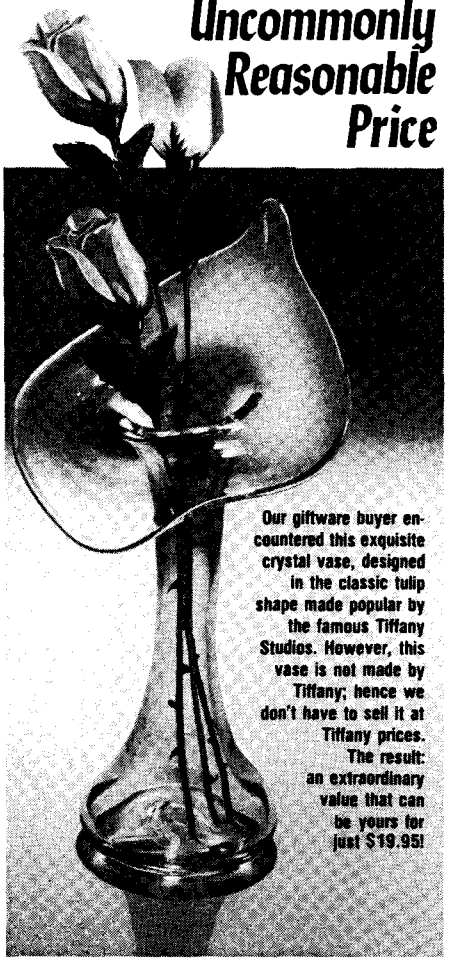
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or me, except he is wildly curious, smarter in most ways, works more persistently, has extraordinarily good fortune, and lived at the right time. Conot's title, which comes from one of Edison's journals, is perfect. He tinkered around furiously and hit on most of his inventions by accident, usually while looking for something else. Yet everything revolved around electricity because he began as a telegrapher.

Edison the businessman has been neglected. He wanted it that way because he looks bad in his business dealings. Conot corrects the record. Henry Ford was only partly right when he said Edison was the world's greatest inventor and worst businessman. Edison could be a maniacal and mean businessman. He learned dirty tricks from J. P. Morgan and Jay Gould, and his dealings ran from sharp to shady. He poached on other inventors' patents. He once drove into bankruptcy a business he had founded so he could take it over again. His personal private detective, Joseph "Gumshoe" McCoy, busted unions and paid off West Orange city officials on Edison's behalf. Never worth less than a million dollars after the age of 30, Edison habitually ignored his debts. When his first wife died of a brain tumor, her doctor went unpaid. Often Edison was financially foolhardy. His absolute belief in his own ideas led to the light bulb but also to his loss of General Electric, a $4 million failure to extract gold from sea sand, and the collapse of his phonograph companies. The determination that helped make him great, the belief in self that overcame incalculable odds, also made him do foolish things with money.

Conot's portrait of the "children of the man of the century" curls the hair. There were six, and Edison let them retreat into themselves or run wild as their needs dictated. His wives were busy throwing parties, and Edison was working at night, sleeping by day. Only as adult consumers of cash and possible competitors in technology, except for his favorite daughter Dot, did they receive spirited attention. Two of his sons struggled with alcoholism. One of them committed suicide. The children sued one another and Edison's second wife Mina over the will after his death in 1931.

Conot seems to tell everything about Edison. Some of what he says, but only a little, sounds like debunking. Most of his stories give us Edison in his confusing, inconsistent, striving humanity. Conot defines Edison physically, emotionally, intellectually, and within the boundaries of his time.

Edison, virtually deaf from childhood, turned inward. He was poor, but extremely curious and impatient with authority. His mother, who controlled him if anyone ever did, preached God and success. Edison didn't want anything to do with the Almighty, but he yearned passionately for wealth. (He said he invented for it later on.) He was determined. To will was to do. And he lived in a setting where nearly anything was possible if you fought for it—and if you were lucky.

Edison fought. He had the luck. He refused to give up. But he paid for everything he got. This is the story Conot tells. It will be a while before the story needs to be told again. Though there is too much electrical and chemical engineering talk in *A Streak of Luck* for my taste, and some of Conot's language is quaint, like the product of a laboratory, Edison is absolutely real. You will recognize him as a man, not a myth. ◉

Webster Schott is a corporate executive and literary journalist.

Doing It All

Lovers of Their Time
by William Trevor
Viking, 279 pp., $10.95

FAY GODWIN

Trevor—Exposes truths with compact eloquence.

Reviewed by Josh Rubins

CAN A SHORT STORY do it all? Can it close in on an intense moment of feeling and dig down to illuminate the psychological whys and wherefores and reach out to touch on themes that lie far beyond the strictly personal? And can it do all this while seeming as spontaneous as gossip, as uncomfortably convincing as an overheard confession on a crosstown bus?

The answer is a resounding, grateful yes—as long as William Trevor is doing the storytelling, and then only sometimes. Author of a dozen novels and collections of stories, this England-tempered Irishman continues to be criminally little-known here. But this gathering of 12 short fictions deserves—and will please—the broadest of audiences, especially since over half of *Lovers of Their Time* offers William Trevor at his many-layered best.

Not that Trevor's slightly less ambitious tales are unsuccessful. Far from it. "Flights of Fancy" calls on the familiar figure of the plain, virginal, and self-sufficient middle-aged spinster—a mainstay of sensitive British fiction—but casts her in an odd and unnerving role: recipient of an unwanted, timid pass (at a company Christmas party) from a pretty yet coarse young lesbian. "What would her brothers say to see passion thumping at their sister from the eyes of Sandra Pond?" And, in "Torridge," the savagery of English public school homosexual intrigues—scrupulously forgotten when those senior-boy "protectors" and junior-boy "*bijous*" grow up and marry—is flung in the faces of three aging Old Boys in the presence of their edgy wives and vulnerable offspring.

In these probings of hypocrisy, sexual and otherwise, Trevor is never less than compassionate; but he quietly sees through pose after pose, implying a whole sheaf of psychological work-ups with nips of dialogue and surprising, oddly perfect bits of detail.

Still, it's when Trevor projects his self-exposing characters into grander schemes that he really soars. The vagaries of time. The cruelty of war. The madness of mob hatred. The decline of decency. Commonplace themes all, but rarely have they been invoked with such compact eloquence, and rarely have they found themselves in such three-dimensional company.

Matilda Gregary, for instance. She's the ever-changing but tight-lipped narrator of "Matilda's England," a three-part, three-decade memoir that begins with nine-year-old Matilda in the Indian summer of 1939. Her father is dead in the war by 1941, and when her brother follows suit soon after, Matilda ties up all her pain in a single equation, blaming the second casualty on her widowed mother's imperfect state of mourning: "I said that in a war against the Germans you couldn't afford to take chances, you couldn't go kissing a man when your husband had been killed." And by the 1960s all that cruelty has been internalized—turned against a well-meaning husband, turned inward in isolation as England decays around her. "There are casualties in war ... thousands of miles from where the fighting is." In less sure fiction, such explicit soundings might be there to keep us from missing the point. In "Matilda's England," the intonations of the theme are more like lines in a powerful liturgy, an inescapable responsive reading.

Similarly, the other full-scale triumphs here go after big fish with plot hooks that avoid both sentimentality and showily antisentimental irony. An Irish schoolteacher, long ago orphaned

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by an act of IRA terrorism, becomes a Miss Jean Brodie *manqué*, vainly and self-destructively trying to jar her oafish class into some awareness of the horror in Belfast, only 200 miles away. An unspoiled English village fiercely rises up to prevent a clinic full of mentally ill women from being moved into unsellable Luftnell Lodge. A married travel agency clerk and a shopgirl defy convention in an idyll-turned-sour that Trevor manages to put across as emblematic of the risky, striving Sixties: These "lovers of their time" enjoy a James Bond romance, a "bathroom love" consummated (frequently) in the marble-and-brass second-floor lav of the Great Western Royal hotel.

And in "Broken Homes," 87-year-old Mrs. Malby lets herself be persuaded to accept the house-painting services of teenagers from a social-work program—with foreseeable but nonetheless ghastly results. It's the first story in this fiendishly readable collection, and if you can read it without coming close to tears, perhaps you'd better not go on. With apologies to Dr. Johnson (whose specter is not at all out of place here): When a man is too jaded for William Trevor, he is too jaded for life.

Josh Rubins is editor of Kirkus Reviews.

Evading the War

Munich: The Price of Peace
by Telford Taylor
Doubleday, 1084 pp., $17.50

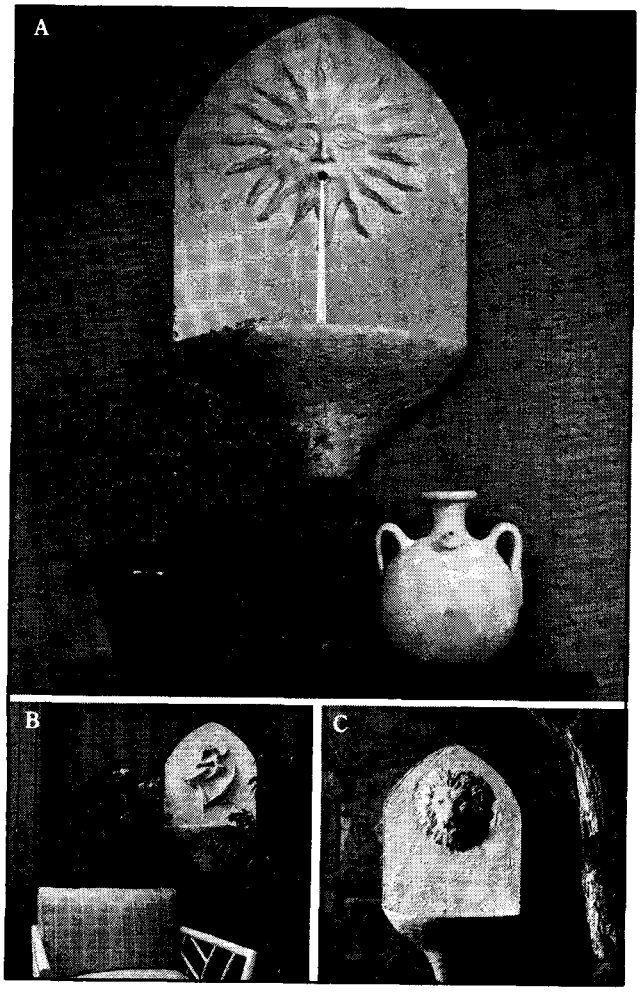
Reviewed by W. Warren Wagar

MORE THAN 40 YEARS after an infamous diplomatic conference was held in Munich, the name of the city is still an appropriate synonym for the folly of backing down in the face of aggression. Telford Taylor establishes this point on the first page of *Munich: The Price of Peace* and carries it through all the 33 chapters of his labyrinthine story. The price of peace, he argues, was too high, and the peace it bought was too short.

The debate about Munich goes on. Some scholars have called it a shameful necessity, others a glorious attempt to save the peace of the world. Historically minded statesmen have waged disastrous wars in East Asia rather than perpetrate "another Munich." In 1968 the British historian Keith Robbins concluded that "the only great lesson of Munich... is that there are no great lessons." But Taylor is not confused about the morality or the wisdom of the behavior of Hitler's enemies in the fall of 1938. Although he concedes that there may be times when it is better to postpone or dodge a conflict, Munich remains "a potent and historically valid symbol of the dangers of not facing up to unpleasant realities. This is not a new lesson, but it is a great one, and it is the lesson of Munich."

Taylor rests his case on irrefutable facts. The combined military strength of Britain, France, and Czechoslovakia in 1938, not to mention the aid that Soviet Russia would almost surely have contributed, outweighed all the forces at Hitler's disposal in that year. By the summer of 1939—with Germany much readier for war, Czechoslovakia extinct, and Stalin in active collaboration with Hitler—the Western Powers found themselves in a far worse position. They could not have anticipated the Nazi-Soviet pact, but they knew the strength of the Wehrmacht, the Luftwaffe, and the Kriegsmarine in the summer of 1938. They knew how rapidly that strength was increasing, and they knew that they could not match its rate of growth for some years. Western public opinion, moreover, had shifted from appeasement to war in the days just before Munich, thanks to the psychotic intransigence of Adolf Hitler.

The primary responsibility for Munich, Taylor argues, falls on Britain's Neville Chamberlain, with significant



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but smaller shares assigned to the political and military paralysis of France and the shortsightedness of Poland. His portrait of Chamberlain is persuasive. Taylor's Chamberlain reminds one of Woodrow Wilson: a self-righteous, stubborn, stiff-necked idealist who was not so much weak as simply wrong. Once embarked on a policy of appeasement, he executed it courageously. Vacillation and cowardice were not among his faults.

Another special feature of *Munich: The Price of Peace* is the attention that Taylor gives to British, French, and American fears in 1938 of the offensive power of the Luftwaffe. Agitated by misinformed "experts" such as Charles Lindbergh, many Western statesmen and military leaders seriously believed that London and Paris could be obliterated by Goering's light bombers. Taylor exaggerates when he contends that "Munich was the only victory of strategic proportions that the Luftwaffe ever won." He gives little evidence that dread of German air power exerted a decisive influence over the policy-makers. But it did figure in Western uneasiness, and it did help the policy-makers sell their decisions to one another.

A matter that may deserve somewhat more consideration than it receives in Taylor's narrative is the role of the Soviet Union in prewar diplomacy and international politics. Because he chooses to see so many events from a Western (and usually from a British) perspective, he tends to neglect the Soviets, just as Chamberlain and most Western statesmen did. His view of Soviet involvement is sound, but in a volume so abundant, it is not thorough enough to give the whole account proper balance.

In any event, it is brutally clear that Anglo-French partnership with the Soviet Union in 1938 would have smashed the Third Reich. Chamberlain and his colleagues did not care. Rather than do business with Stalin, they were fully prepared to sacrifice all of Eastern Europe to Nazi rule, if necessary, in exchange for peace in their own portion of the continent. This is shown not only by Munich but also by the ludicrously half-hearted negotiations between the Soviet Union, Britain, and France in the summer of 1939 after Litvinov challenged them to forge a military alliance. A careful study of the British documents alone, which I have made, leaves no doubt of the bad faith of the Western participants in those negotiations. Half of Europe turning Nazi was not nearly so frightful a prospect to Chamberlain as half of Europe turning Bolshevik. A general war in 1938 might have led to the same kind of Europe that emerged after 1945, with a comparable extension of Soviet influence and power. But the War of 1938 would have taken only a few of the 50 million lives that were taken by the War of 1939.

JIM HARRISON

Taylor—High marks for comprehensiveness.

Taylor reaches virtually the same conclusion. His neglect of Soviet perspectives, let me repeat, is only relative. Indeed, he succeeds in dealing at least marginally with almost everything that merits treatment in a diplomatic history of Munich. His work earns high marks for its breadth of scope and vision. The events of September 1938 are set in the context of German and European politics ranging all the way back to 1919. Taylor has sifted through most of the available primary sources, and he adds his own unique experience as the chief U.S. prosecutor at Nuremberg, when he interrogated various German generals in reference to the events surrounding Munich. For this book, he interviewed some of the veterans of the conference itself, including the great French diplomat Alexis Léger. Of all the studies of Munich, Taylor's is the most comprehensive. It may also be the wisest. ◉

W. Warren Wagar is chairperson of the history department at SUNY-Binghamton. His latest book is World Views, *a study in modern intellectual history.*

Books in Brief

The Habsburg Twilight
by Sarah Gainham
Atheneum, 236 pp., $11.95

FOUR WORDS in Sarah Gainham's first sentence in her essay on Mayerling—"power, sex, death and mystery"—an-

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nounce, like the stroke of a mighty chord, one of the most intriguing crimes in modern European history: the death of 18-year-old Mary Vetsera and Crown Prince Rudolf of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Gainham favors the theory that in Mayerling, the hunting lodge secluded in the Vienna woods, a mentally distraught Rudolf shot Mary, then himself, and that the lovers were not silenced by others because of the prince's liberal politics. This retelling, as vivid and urgent as a well-paced mystery thriller, is the first of eight complementary essays that light up once more the glories and follies of old Vienna in the few decades before the Great War.

We see Gustav Mahler and Gustav Klimt in the city whose beauty and rarefied graces sometimes veneered treachery and intrigue. We glimpse the famed *chambres séparées*, the private dining rooms of the Hotel Sacher, where what happened in private and what happened publicly were often quite different. We follow the harried Alfred Redl, a merciless prosecutor of spies, as he himself is exposed as one of the great agents of his era, caught in circumstances "that happen in real life but are too fanciful to be used in fiction."

Gainham is clearly infatuated with her imperial city, even its outmoded social values. Yet her infatuation keeps good company with her intimate knowledge of the little codes and passions of the time, down to the nuances of those untranslatable Viennese words that raised social conversation to a polished art. —JOHN FLUDAS

Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed
by Philip Hallie
Harper & Row, 320 pp., $12.95

IN THE OLD Testament, Deuteronomy 19, Moses tells Israel to set apart cities of refuge, warning that if the Jews do not prevent loss of life, "the guilt of bloodshed be upon you." Philip Hallie here offers the story of Le Chambon, France, as evidence of a village that transformed that caution into creed during World War II. Led by Protestant pastor André Trocmé, the people of Le Chambon protected, taught, and shepherded to Switzerland Jewish and other refugees from Hitler's Reich. In opposition to the Vichy government, they undertook the mission openly and in the spirit of nonviolence, actively respecting the preciousness of human life while others in the resistance fought for revival of the republic. Le Chambon earned a reputation for goodness, and was looked to by fellow Europeans as an example to satisfy what philosophy professor Hallie calls "a yearning for realistic hope."

Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed provides a rich parable for discussion of law, morality, and personal commitment. It also affirms a saying of Hasidic scholar Baal Shem-Tov, which the State of Israel cited in an award to Trocmé: "In remembrance resides the secret of redemption." But Hallie's work slights the grave and uplifting character of his subject. While he has preserved an evanescent story, the author has apparently done so for himself as much as for history, in a form that suggests diary instead of documentary. Self-concerned, rarely critical, with no sense of drama save in the decision to seek knowledge of Le Chambon, Hallie couches a moving lesson in clichés and, in the name of explaining "ethical excellence," reduces to the pedestrian a story of devotion. —LINCOLN CAPLAN

Children of Power
by Susan Richards Shreve
Macmillan, 294 pp., $8.95

IT IS FITTING that Susan Richards Shreve's relentlessly earnest new novel about the children of politicians in the Fifties should arrive sporting an advance blurb by John Gardner. Teeming with homilies and revelations, *Children of Power* is as moral a fiction as we've had in many a season: "Natty had understood the baseness in other people, especially children, but never in herself." "He had faced his responsibility in his father's death and was free to love Natty without expecting her to occupy that space."

When they are not being overburdened with epiphanies, Shreve's characters are utterly real. Joe McCarthy appears as a ruined alcoholic, a "spent balloon" whose desperate visits to the home of the compassionate FCC Chairman, Sam Taylor, cause Taylor and his family to be persecuted in much the same way as McCarthy's former victims were. The adolescents, who are caught between the grandiosity and the emptiness of their parents, are especially vividly drawn.

A past master of children's fiction, Shreve writes her most beguiling prose during the characters' many flashbacks to childhood. Her sentences become rhythmic, compact, and refreshingly undidactic: "The face she had seen on Joe McCarthy sleeping was out of Grimm—the stories her mother used to read to her when she was very small, with pictures of giants and giant trolls and dwarves and hairlipped rubbery frogs, stories of terrible misfortunes without resolve read in her mother's quiet voice, sitting with her on the carved wood bed in which Ellen slept alone now that Sam Taylor had moved into his own room." It is the waning of childhood bedazzlement set against a Fifties backdrop of collapsing political and sexual relationships that makes *Children of Power* original, and strangely compelling.

—JACK SULLIVAN

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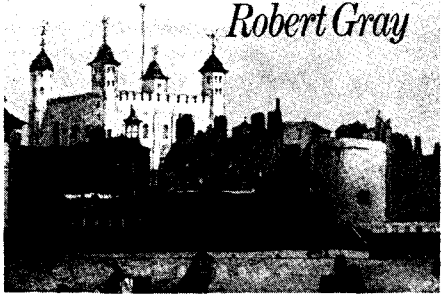

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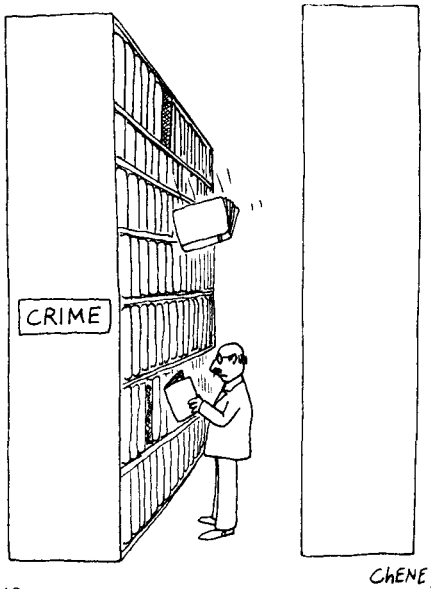
The Glimmering Prizes

EVERY YEAR IN April one of the most remarkable numerical reductions in the annals of statistics occurs. Out of some 40,000 new books published the previous year, seven or eight are chosen as National Book Award "winners" in various categories—fiction, poetry, biography/autobiography, history, contemporary thought, children's literature, and translation. True, five books are nominated by the NBA judges in each category before "winners" are chosen, but the reduction is still absurd.

The fact that there are just so many finalists feeds the terrible view of writing as a horse race or marathon, with losers and also-rans. This year, for instance, *The Stories of John Cheever* and John Irving's *The World According to Garp* were said to be "competing" for the award. (Of course, many other singular book prizes and other sets of awards exist, notably the Pulitzers and the National Book Critics Circle Awards, but only the NBA has the unique and somewhat mythical name.)

At the same time the NBAs suggest the equally misleading notion that literary quality or critical excellence is what publishers generally are aiming for, so that they can be said to have hit the mark with at least these nominees.

Having just gone over the new and forthcoming spring and summer book lists of practically every publisher in America, however, I have to conclude that the great majority of trade publishers, certainly the largest ones, are not in fact seeking quality or excellence across the board. What they are seeking first, of course, are big sales and greater profit margins, or at least "cash flow." They are trying to come up with more and more books of mass popular appeal, books like Peter Benchley's latest comforting nightmare, *The Island* (Doubleday). But the truly massive audiences of hundreds of thousands and millions are generally commanded by other media. (Millions more will probably see the Universal Pictures version of *The Island* than will read the book, though many people will buy the book *after* they've seen the film.)



The trouble with the ever-increasing massification of trade books and big publishing is that it must appeal to middling and lower common denominators of public interest and taste. Television is in the same fix. (Of course many good and some wonderful things have come in the line of truly popular books—the delightful *Gnomes*, for example—but they are, to court a paradox, the massive few.) A high percentage of the titles on the spring lists seem to be exploitative and manipulative junk, from *Marilyn Monroe Confidential* (Simon & Schuster) to Jeane Dixon's *Horoscopes for Dogs* (Houghton Mifflin). Naturally some people's junk is other people's treasure, but even allowing for certain relativities of taste, it looks to me like over a quarter of the sum of publishers' lists is one kind of flotsam or another.

To say the least, then, the National Book Awards are not representative of the range of American publishing and certainly not of its business interests. They are in fact "elitist," and publishers have grumbled about them for some time. So it is not at all surprising that the Association of American Publishers, which administers the National Book Awards, is considering the establishment next year of a new series of more popular awards to supplement the present ones, though what the categories will be has not been decided. Mass market paperbacks "will definitely be involved," according to Franklyn L. Rodgers, president of Charles Scribner's Sons and head of the AAP committee devising the new awards. "We want to broaden the awards to reach more of the public," said Mr. Rodgers, "and take account of the changes in publishing."

Another leading advocate of change on the National Book Awards Committee is Ron Busch, president and publisher of Pocket Books, who feels that the awards should "recognize excellence in literary and scholarly works, but different kinds of books should also be judged within the excellence of their range." He pointed out that in the current awards nonfiction is broken down into a number of categories, while there is just one fiction category. "But fiction is not just 'fiction' anymore," Busch said. "There is science fiction, historical fiction, fantasy fiction, etc., etc." If the cost of administering and judging all these categories can be borne, I suppose there might well be separate entries for novels and short stories too. That at least would eliminate some of the "competition."

Even within the limited range of the present awards, it is culturally scandalous that neither religion nor philosophy nor science is among the nonfiction categories. It is also true that the awards do not seem to mean very much to the public, even the book-buying public. Most publishing sales people will tell you that a book that wins an award seldom sells much better as a result, except perhaps for children's books and poetry. Often, especially if the book nominated or chosen for an award was published early in the previous year, it will not even be in the stores, so short is the shelf-life of most books these days. But of course the publishers themselves are partly responsible for that problem.

While the contemplated wider awards are surely desirable, there is an obvious danger that in trying to make them more "popular" the standards will drift downward from excellence toward real vulgarization. Publishers talk a lot about making the awards "more visible" and "more vital." But one can easily imagine ways that the substance of books would be compromised. Busch, speaking for others on the new awards committee, says, "We are not looking for a circus." But the more commercial part of publishing is a kind of circus and Vanity Fair, as a visit to the American Booksellers Association convention would show. Therefore, when Busch says that the National Book Awards "ought to bridge the gap between recognizing excellence and the fact that publishing is indeed a business," I begin to wonder about the standards of the future awards even as I *think* they need to be expanded. After all, business can take care of itself in this society. Excellence needs all the attention it can get.

—Walter Arnold

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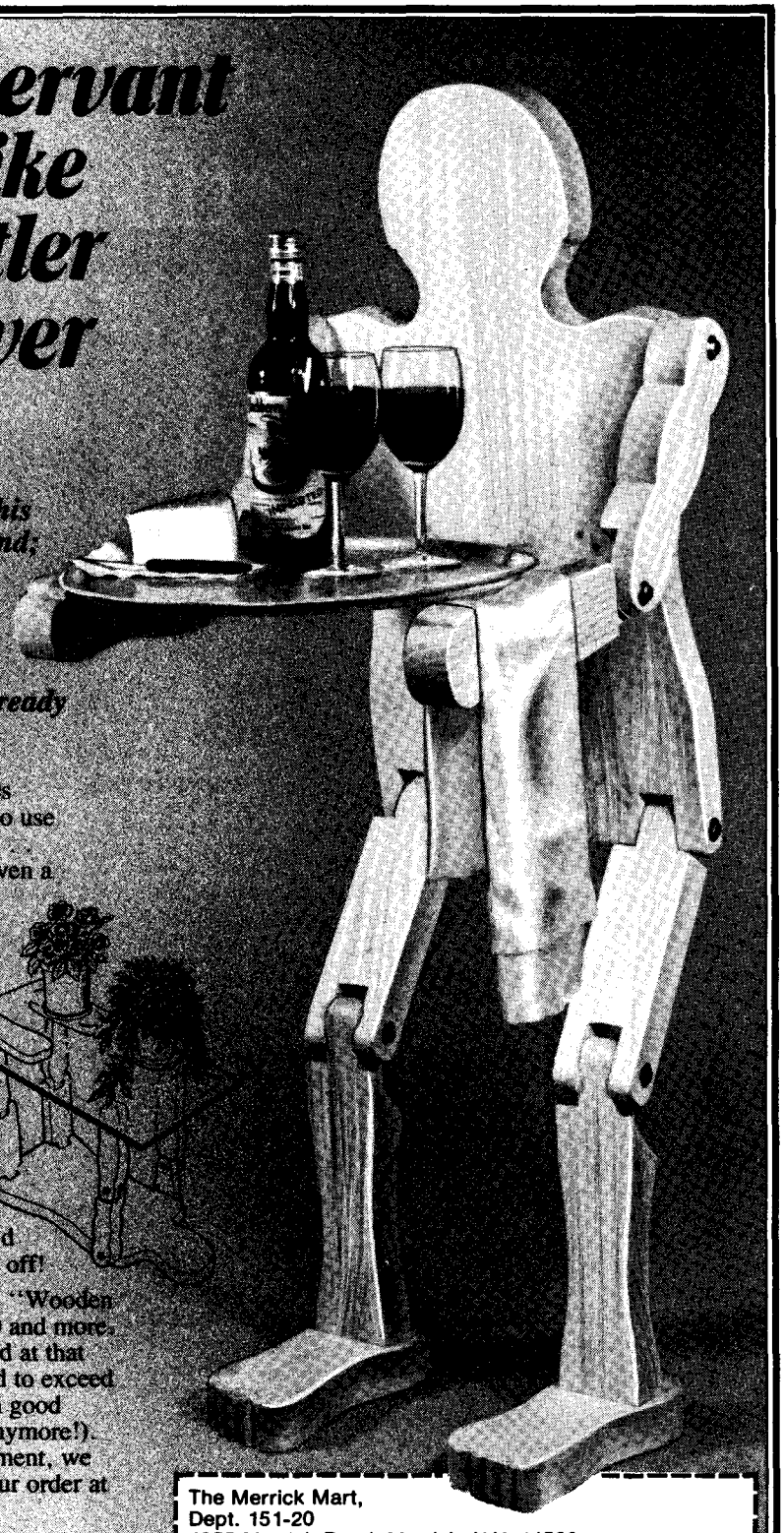

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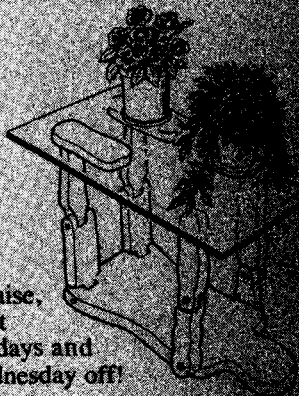

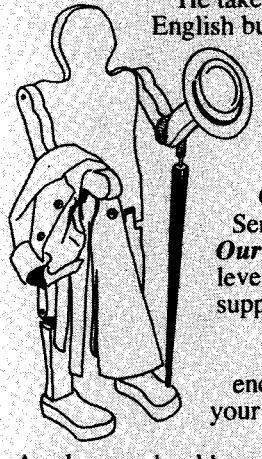

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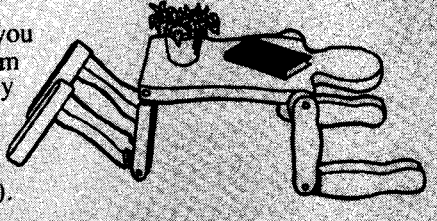

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Paix as You Go

THERE WAS NO doubt where I was headed that first day I had ever been in Paris. I consulted the Métro map in its Belle Epoque frame at a station along the Champs Elysées, determined the route, and surfaced at the Opéra. There was the Café de la Paix in all its resplendent mystery, greeting guests again. It was February 1945, and I was there on short leave from other doings, less amiable, in Germany.

A few years ago I whizzed across the Atlantic on the first proving flight of Air France's Concorde, went to bed in the Ritz, and automatically, next morning, got up and walked down the rue de la Paix and took up a chair at the Café. It was a reflexive move, and I suspect it represents what much of Paris and the plupart of those to whom Paris is some subconscious second home feel about the Café.

Café de la Paix— "Let the Hemingway people grow maudlin moss at the Flore."

Let the Hemingway people grow maudlin moss over the Flore and Deux Magots. Café de la Paix is the oldest watering-hole in Paris. It served Oscar Wilde, Edward VII, and Sarah Bernhardt. It was a source of nourishment for the artists playing at the Opéra next door. Mistinguett, who lived nearby, came every afternoon. Caruso doodled at the outdoor tables. Chevalier and Josephine Baker, who between them spanned the decorous decade from the Twenties to the Forties, were always on hand. After all, the Olympia Music Hall was only 100 yards away.

It is a matter of Café history that these kitchens served the first meal on which Charles de Gaulle dined after arriving in liberated Paris. Inelegantly, it was a platter of cold meats prepared for him at the requests of his aides.

The service provided for the general was historic not only for the republic, but for the Café, too. It had opened as part of the Grand Hotel, which was completed in 1862, even before Charles Garnier's opera house had been fitted with its cupola. It had never closed until the tragic days of 1939 when, at the start of the war, the Café of the Peace closed its doors. It stayed shut during the war years, even enduring the rumors that floated about in 1943 that it would be turned into a bank.

When the Germans fled Paris in 1944, the advancing Americans had tried to requisition the Café. The American colonel in charge of civil affairs, and possessed of a sense of history, viewed the request with incredulity. "Why don't you ask for Notre Dame?" he is reported to have said.

In the high-level conferences that followed the fall of Paris, and the subsequent surrender of the Germans, General Omar Bradley, Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, and General LeClerc met here for lunch. Chagall, busy doing the ceilings for the Opéra next door, had his lunch here. Freed of the presidency, and touring in Paris in 1956, Harry Truman took a seat on the terrace and greeted admirers of all nationalities. Vincent Minnelli used the terrace for a film. In the early Sixties, Huntington Hartford talked of constructing an exact copy of the Café on Fifth Avenue in New York.

But the Café was aging, and in 1974 it closed for a second time, on this occasion to undergo a total redecoration. Paris grew nervous as the months wound on. A note arrived and said, "If you don't preserve it as it was, we'll bomb it."

Finally, on the 13th of March 1976, the Café de la Paix was born again. The kitchen that had been in the cellar was moved upstairs. It had been difficult, all those years, to find small waiters and small chefs to manage the low stairs.

Once dark and somber, it was now green and exuberant. The terrace, with about 400 seats, is glass-enclosed until April blooms in Paris. Then it opens to the horns, the noise, and the sidewalk entertainers who come every day. There are some off-the-wall entertainers and customers, too. One bibber takes a chair and spits BBs at the passersby. A warbler comes to serenade the guests each day with "Sous les Ponts de Paris."

Unforgotten is the story of the American who lingered too long in Pigalle, was separated from his clothes and delivered in a state of alcoholic paralysis in the early morning hours to a chair on the Café's terrace. It was rush hour, and he proved an unsettling sight to Parisians on the way to work. The Café first gave him a napkin, then a room in the Grand, and finally called the embassy to cart him away.

A beer on the terrace these days, for the fully clothed, is $1.30, but mineral water costs $1.50. One can linger for an hour or two with a bottle of water, so the elevated price is set as a sort of invisible meter. Patrons tend to stay twice as long at Café de la Paix as at other places. Let the existentialists congregate at La Coupole, shrugs the management. The intellectuals and classicists still come to the Café.

The Café is the home today of the $2 hot dog—so listed on the menu. And the $1.50 roll with butter. A full meal in its redone Relais Capucines, with escargots, *confit de canard*, *tarte Tatin*, coffee, and a *pichet* of Bordeaux, is $15.

Its flossier Restaurant Opéra is a no-joke gastronomic exercise that goes through fish, meat, *pommes soufflées*, cheese, dessert, and a superior Bordeaux. In the Café of the Peace, that will lighten the wallet by nearly $40. As they have said before in Europe, peace at any price.

—Horace Sutton

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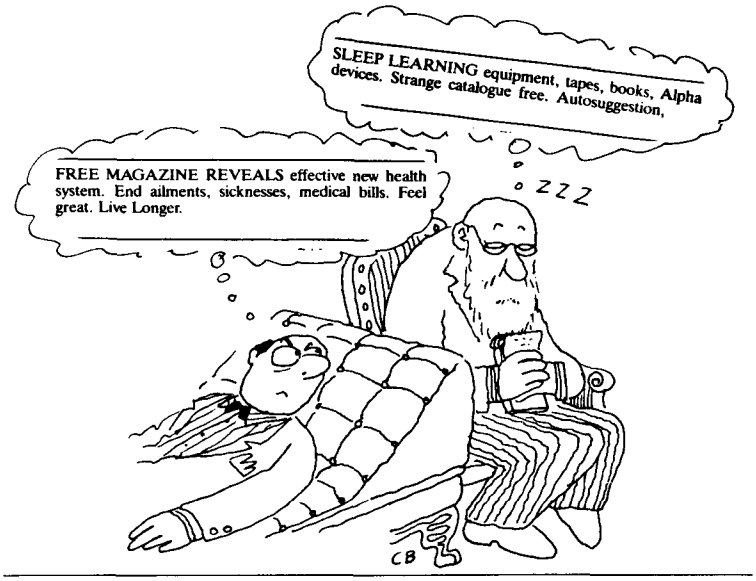
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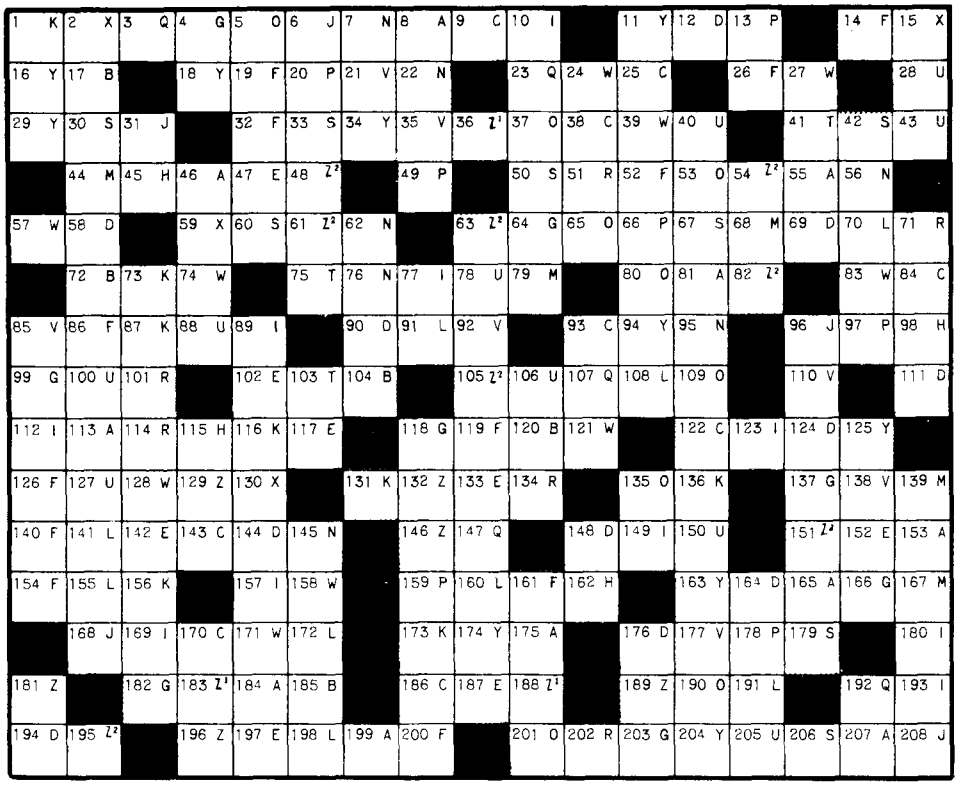
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 171

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to Double-Crostic No. 170 appears on page 5.

CLUES — WORDS

Note: The author of the interview from which this excerpt is taken is Richard Burgin; his name does not appear in the acrostic. T.H.M.

A. Complexity; association; implication; preoccupation — 8 46 55 81 113 153 165 175 184 199 207

B. Cheeky, fresh — 17 72 104 120 185

C. Fervent, devoted love — 186 25 38 84 93 122 143 170 9

D. Desertion; renunciation — 12 111 124 144 164 194 58 90 176 69 148

E. Hard cheese, yellowish, orange, or white in color — 47 102 117 133 142 152 187 197

F. Coarsely abusive language — 19 26 52 119 154 161 200 14 32 86 126 140

G. Tropical American tree with nearly the heaviest wood known — 166 64 99 118 137 182 203 4

H. Male progenitor — 162 45 98 115

I. Swindler, cheat; dishonest politician; rowdy — 123 157 10 149 169 180 77 89 112 193

J. One of the New Hebrides; site of Havannah Harbour — 208 96 168 6 31

K. Zealous, ardent — 116 136 173 1 131 156 73 87

L. Entangled; complicated — 108 155 172 191 198 70 91 141 160

M. "Nay, it is; I know not ___" (*Hamlet*) — 44 68 79 139 167

N. Observed, noticed — 62 76 145 7 22 56 95

O. And then some! largely, fully (4 wds.) — 53 109 190 135 65 80 37 201 5

P. Offensive, disgusting; harmful — 13 20 49 66 97 159 178

Q. Faux pas — 23 107 147 192 3

R. Cut and spliced (film) — 71 101 114 134 51 202

S. Roadster — 30 42 179 206 50 60 33 67

T. Kinsmen, relative — 75 103 41

U. Behind the eight ball, out on a limb (3 wds.) — 205 28 43 127 88 78 106 100 150 40

V. Snowy — 92 110 177 85 138 21 35

W. Violating propriety; unseemly — 57 158 74 128 83 24 39 121 171 27

X. Star of the first magnitude in the constellation Lyra — 2 130 59 15

Y. Mental or emotional stability, esp. under pressure — 34 204 29 18 94 174 11 163 125 16

Z. Remove by pressure and friction (2 wds.) — 129 132 196 146 181 189

Z¹. H. Rider Haggard's Ayesha — 36 183 188

Z². Fixed into a surrounding mass — 48 195 105 54 61 151 63 82

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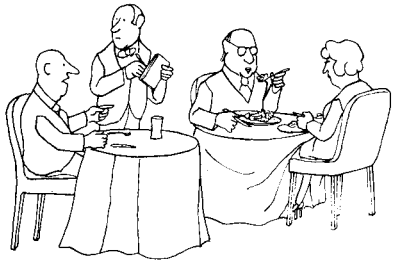
English Spoken Here

Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

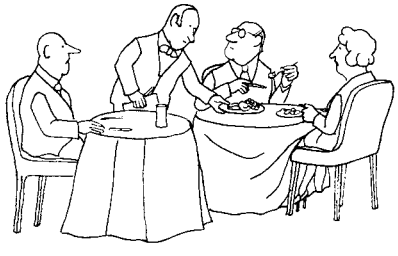
A LOST-LOOKING man approached me on the subway platform. "How go Ceetee Hall?" he asked, in a manner suggesting that his English did not much exceed those four words. Neither my geography nor my menu-Spanish was up to the challenge. "That way," I pointed. "Two stops (two fingers) or maybe three (three fingers)." But how to signal "maybe?" "Change at 42nd Street, Times Square. Take the IRT express to...." He gazed at me blankly, straining. "Ceetee Hall," he repeated. "I know," I almost snapped. But it was hopeless. "Take this train," I abandoned him, "and ask."

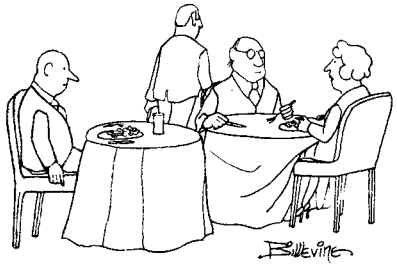
No difference between adults is more frustrating, more corrosive, than a difference in language. The mind rebels: The fellow opposite me is *compos mentis*, so why can't he grasp simple directions?

The task of communicating complex ideas is more engaging: Death, love, and justice are topics that have kept the best minds whirring for eons. But having to expend effort on transmitting information as prosaic as how to get to City Hall creates anxiety and eventually may result in alienation.



"I'll have what he's having."





For this reason, if for no other, the five-year-old federal effort to provide basic instruction to non-English-speaking grade-schoolers in their familial language is a disservice both to the nation and to the "beneficiaries" of the programs. The official rationale for what is known as "bilingual education" is that America's almost 300,000 foreign-born schoolchildren, of whom 76 percent are Spanish-speaking, would learn English better if they studied subjects for a few years in their own language. It is also argued that these children would learn all of their other subjects better, that they would feel more welcome in an America that embraced their differentness, would drop out of school less, and would in the end contribute more to their adopted country.

As budgets have tightened, bilingual education programs have come under increased scrutiny. Regrettably, efforts to prohibit bilingual programs are ascribed to chauvinism, or, more baldly, to racism: "Wherever a majority has insisted on a rigid monolingualism," writes Carey McWilliams in the *Nation*, "it has generally meant that language was being used as a strategy for keeping the minority in its place."

From a certain vantage point, the argument that bilingual education is indispensable seems ludicrous. Other countries provide adequate educations to students of varying backgrounds without conducting classes in more than one language, except when it is strictly necessary, as in Canada. What American emigrant would expect his host country to provide for his children free school instruction in English?

And from this layman's point of view, the idea that bilingual education facilitates the learning of English seems baloney. Anybody who has had to master a foreign language knows how much more quickly one does so when one has no other choice. Necessity is the mother of memory, no less than invention. The word for *Fire*! that was so forgettable in a French course may be burned into memory in France.

Also, the argument that the rest of a child's education will be slowed while he is learning English seems shortsighted. What greater hindrance can a child in the United States suffer than not knowing English? Not only will he be deprived of equal schooling, he will stay deaf to that potent, if clumsy, educator, the television. And, however welcome he may feel in a Spanish-speaking class, as long as he fails to learn English he will feel estranged from the society that surrounds him.

Beneath this debate, however, lies a larger question: What should America be? A haven for the world's ceaseless stream of fugitives or a unity forged from these disparate elements? A passive protector of rights or an active shaper of lives? And beneath that question lies another that is even more fundamental: Does America simply exist, a more or less happy accident of history, or does America have a purpose?

If America does have a purpose, as our founders and most subsequent generations have heartily believed, then America has the right and obligation to demand certain contributions and sacrifices from its citizens beyond those that are required simply to maintain the peace and fund government operations. We have the right, for instance, to require a stint of government service, wartime or not. We have the right to require the teaching of American history, the pledging of allegiance, the observance of national holidays. And we have the right to require the learning of our national language in our schools.

The debate over bilingual education is really more political than educational. Most politicians who support the concept have cause to curry the favor of non-English-speaking minorities. Many who support the concept do not even recoil from the prospect of a completely bilingual or multilingual culture, despite the evidence that a shared language, more than any other factor, makes a nation cohere. Like so many other groups in America today, bilingual-education partisans are favoring a special interest at the expense of the national interest.

Even if Americans have lost, for the moment, a sense of our role in the world, it is important that we not lose our ability to play such a role, that we keep our body politic in fighting trim. Bilingual education is a debilitating notion. A country is weak whose citizens cannot tell one another the way to City Hall.

—Carll Tucker

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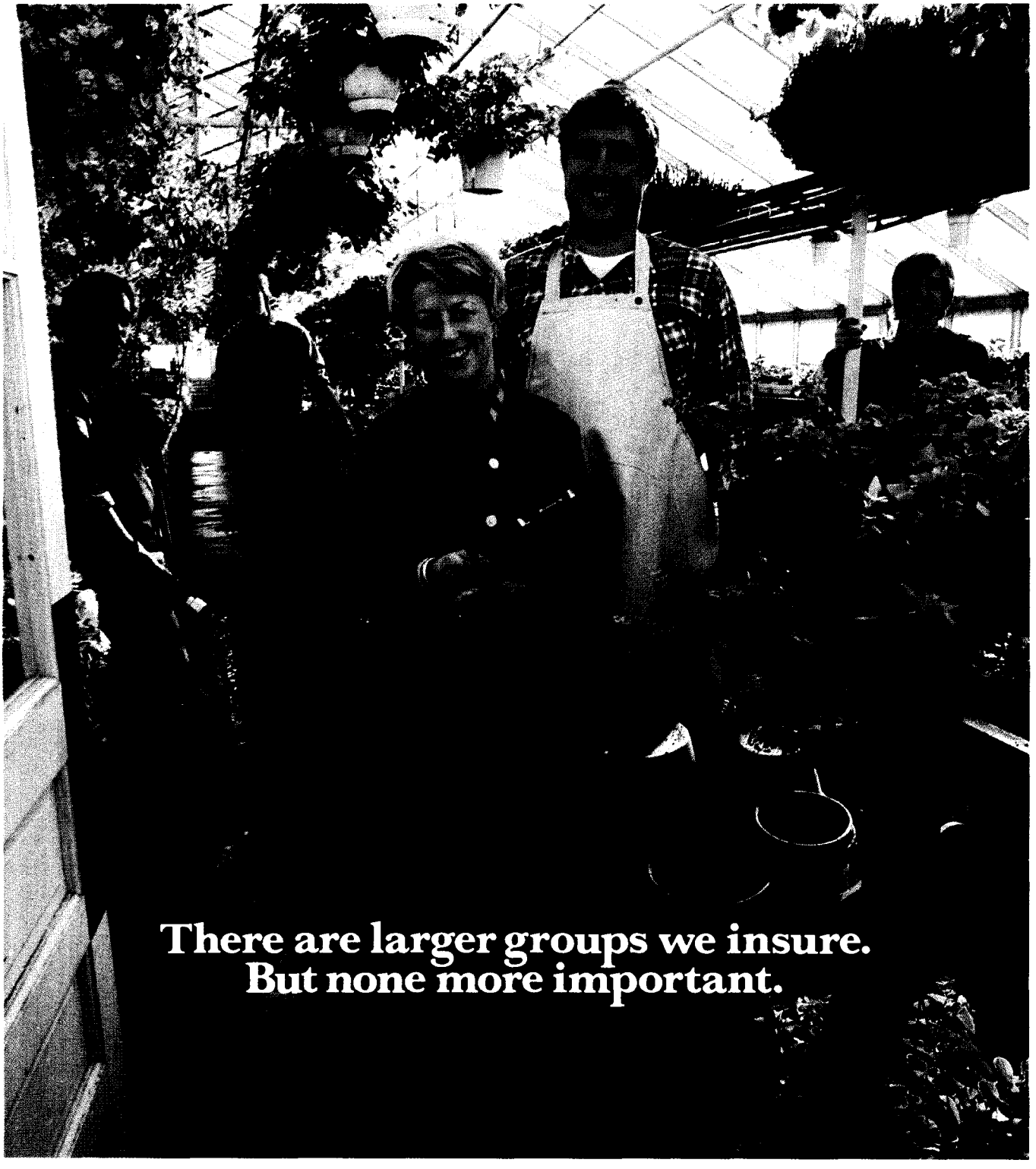

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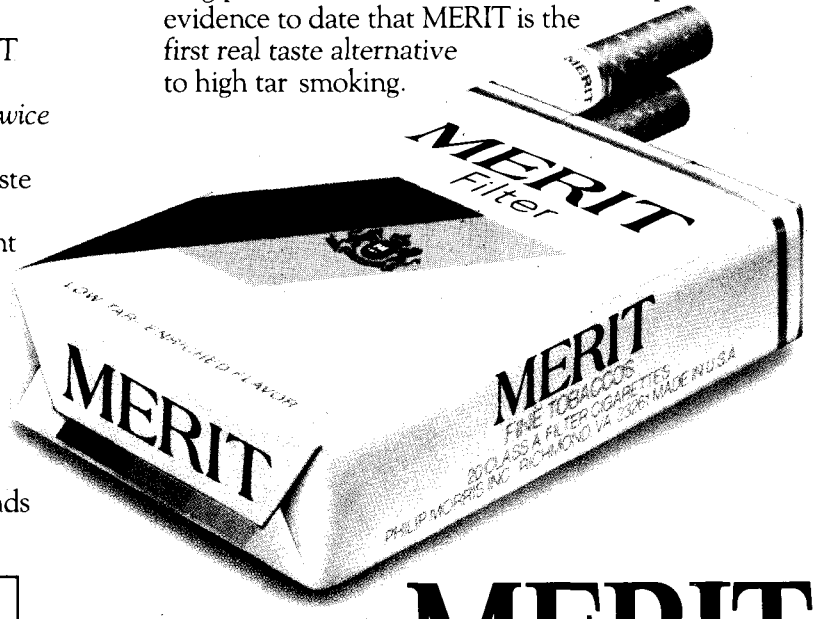

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